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FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 25, 1893.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.



"MY UNKINDNESS!" LENORE ECHORD IN A TREMBLING VOICE. "I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEAN,"

IN SWEET SEPTEMBER.

[A NOVELETTE.]

CHAPTER I.

DINGLY BOTTOM was justly celebrated as being one of the very prettiest lanes in Warwickshire with velvet greensward bordering it on either side, and high banks, topped by hedges that were a veritable picture in June, when the wild roses were in blossom, and the sprays of honeysuckle waved their luxuriant tresses against the clear blue of the summar share. blue of the summer sky.

It was June when our story opens—a brilliant and yet balmy morning, with delicate floating odours in the air, and a dewy freshness still lingering under the leaves where the sunshine had not penetrated. The birds were singing a poean of gladness from the plantation that bordered the lane.

Nature seemed in her sweetest and sunniest mood, and the sound of a little moan of pain—quickly suppressed, and yet distinct enough

while it lasted-seemed oddly out of keeping at

while it lasted—seemed oddly out of keeping at such a time and in such a place.

Kenneth Seymour, who was sauntering idly along, cigar in mouth, and hands behind his back, came to a sudden pause, and looked round to see whence the sound proceeded. He was a young man of five or six-and-twenty, tall, lithe and clean-limbed with a pair of sunny blue eyes, a clear, brown skin, and a shock of close-cut curls that were a little darker in hue than his moustache.

Altogether, a very fair type of a young English gentleman. A minute later, and he had made a discovery. A little in front of him, and at the top of the bank, there was a gap in the hedge, across which a stile was thrown. The descent across which a stile was thrown. The descent from this stile was assisted by a couple of heavy stones, and one of these had rolled to the bottom of the bank, while just above it sat a young girl, whose face, as she found herself observed, pre-

whose face, as she found herself observed, pre-sented a droll mixture of pain and laughter.

"What is the matter? Have you hurt your-self? Can I be of any assistance?" queried the young man, flinging away his cigar, and hastening-to her side, with a very genuine expression of in-terest both in voice and eyes.

"Yes, to both questions," she returned, half shyly, half laughingly. "If you would be good enough to help me to rise, and then lend me your stick, I think I could manage to walk. As it is, I can't even raise myself from the ground."

By way of answer, he threw his strong, young arm lightly round her waist, and lifted her to her

"Now," he said, "if you take the stick in your other hand, I think you will be able to walk. Don't hesitate to lean on me," he added, magnanimously, while he tried to look as matter-of-fact as he could, so that she should not see the very pronounced admiration his eyes expressed.

For this "distressed damsel" was prettyyes, wonderfully, charmingly, distractingly pretty, yes, wonderfully, charmingly, distractingly pretty, and Mr. Kenneth Seymour was by no means invulnerable to feminine beauty. She was a little above the medium height, with a delicately rounded figure, and a face that for dainty bloom might have rivalled a ripe peach on a sunny south

Kenneth thought her eyes were grey, but he could not be sure, for the lashes that curled above them were so long and dark, and her glances were

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ao shy and ficeting, that it was impossible to have a decided opinion on the subject.

He knew, however, that her hair was of a soft,

golden brown, straying into the prettiest little ring and lovelocks imaginable, and that her mouth was delicately chiselled, and expressive of a good

deal of determination for all its girlish sweetness.

"You are very good," she said, blushing a little, and not availing herself of his generous permission half so lavishly as she might have done. "I'm afraid my foot is sprained. I was coming over the stile there"—she pointed to it with her right hand-"and as I jumped on one of the stones, it rolled from under my feet, and threw me down. My foot got twisted under me

Kenneth looked sympathetic; then, after a

slight hesitation, said,—
"Would you let me examine your foot? I know something of surgery—enough, anyhow, to tell you if any bones are broken. If they are, you

ought not to walk at all, you know."
"I am not walking at all," she responded, with a little grimace. "Surely you don't call this a little grimace. "Surely you ""
hop, skip, and a jump' walking!"
He laughed, and she went on quickly,—
I havn't far to go. Our house is at

"Besides, I havn't far to go. Our house is at the end of the lane -not five minutes' walk from

Seymour was unfeignedly sorry to hear it -but this he did not tell her, as it would have sounded heartless, if he had not explained his reason and even his audacity would not have dared

venture so far.
"It was lucky for you that you were so near home when the accident occurred," he observed,

"Yes-luckier still that you happened to come by at the moment," the rejoined. Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, the added auxiously, "I hope you are not coming out of your way on

my account?"
He answered her to the contrary

earnestly that she could not doubt him.
"I am glad of that," she said, with a faint sigh of relief. "As a rule the lane is deserted in the daytime—in the evening it is rather a favourite walk with the rustics. If you had not chanced to pass, I should either have had to stay till sunset, or—crawl on my hands and knees to the cottage! Just fancy if any one had seen me

In spite of her pain she broke into a peal of merry girlish hughter, in which he joined—for it was impossible to resist its infection, and, as we know, mirth is catching. If there were any ice left to be broken between the two, it was

broken then. "I am staying with the Chevassés, at Bramblehe went on, a moment afterwards, in the hope that she would emulate his candour.

"And mine is Lenore Francis," she replied, with the straightforward simplicity that seemed natural to her. "I and my mother live at Dingley Cottage—you can see the chimneys above the trees there"—indicating them as she

They were quite near-horribly near, so Sey mour thought. He was racking his brain for some suggestion by which he might intimate his see Miss Leuore Francis again-for he had not the faintest intention of bidding her a

final farewell when he reached her gate.
"Do you know the Chevassés?" he asked, hoping that, through them, his desire might be attained.

She shook her head, and a slight shadow came

over her face.
"No," she said, rather shortly.

"But they are your nearest neighbours!" he exclaimed, in surprise. Then he added, "Per-

haps you have only lately come here?"
"On the contrary, we have lived here ever since I was a baby girl—two years old. But we know no one-my mother is rather an invalid, and does not go out."

"That is rather hard on you, fan't it?" asked Kenneth, without his usual tact.

"Is it? I don't think it had struct that light before, although sometimes I— I don't think it had struck me in She stopped herself abruptly, as if conscious | who lives there?"

that she was bout making an imprudent admission, and the did not speak again until her home was reached.

It was a pretty little white house, long and low, and with a thirtched roof. It stood well back from and with a thatched root. It stood well back from the lane, and was approached through a small but thickly-planted grove of trees that entirely concealed it—except, indeed, the chimneys, which were too tall to be hidden. A lawn, smooth and trimly kept, led up to the trellised porch, and here a lady of middle age was employed in snipping off the dead roses. She turned hastily as the two came up the path—Lenore leaning on Seymour's arm and snowethy hereelf on the Seymour's arm and supporting herself on the other side with his stick—and as she saw the young mun the seissors and basket both dropped young man the sensors and basice both dropped from her trembling hands. Her face, which still retained baces of beauty, ilthough it was lined and worn, twitched nervously, and she looked helplessly to the young girl, as if appending for an explanation.

In a few quick, eager words Lenore gave it, and, by the time she finished, theremother had

partially recovered her off-control.

partially recovered her cell-control.

"I am much obliged to you, ar, for your timely assistance," she said; turning to the young man with a certain old tanhored signify, though she still seemed somewhar disturbed and ill at ease. "I am afraid we have dreadly respected on your time too much. We will not detain you any lower."

ny longer." Lenore looked rather wistfully at her mother es the withdrew her arm from Seymour's, and leaned on Mrs. Francis's offered shoulder lastead, but the said nothing, except a few words of but the said nothing, except a few words of thanks to the young man, who had no alternative but to accept the elder woman's distribud. He made one effort, however, before he went. "I am delighted," he said, "to have been able to render hiss Francis my assistance. May fee permitted to call again and see how her foot is

progressing?"

There was nothing unreasonable in the request, and, from the entreating way in which Lenore looked at her mother, it was dear that she, at least, would have been pleased enough if it had been granted. But Mrs. Francis's face hardened

been granted. But his, Frances a use narraneous into a determination that was almost grim.

"I do not receive visitors," the replied, coldly, "otherwise I should be very pleased to releone you here. As it is, I must content

myself with thatking you."
She boved, and Kenneth turned away, bitterly chagfined at the answer he had received.

Besides, apart from his own disappointment, it seemed to him very unfair that so young and beautiful a girl as Lenore should be slut up in little out-of-the-way cottage, wway from world and its brightness, almost a much secluded as if the walls of a cloister had already closed around her. What could be her mother's motive for such conduct?

Altogether Seymour was deeply interested in his adventure; and, when he got back to Eram-bledene, somewhat surprised his host by consenting to extend his visit for a week-though at breakfast that morning, he had declared it imperative that he should be in town the next

without fail.

Colonel Chevassé-who had been a friend of the young man's father—was delighted at the decision—all the more so because he attributed it solely to the charms of his own conversation, and the somewhat long-winded stories of battles he was so foud of embarking upon

"It's very good of you to put up with the society of an old fellow like myself," he said, in gratified tones, as the two men sat over their vine after dinner that same evening, afraid you would find it dull down here—but we must look up our neighbours, and have one or two dinner-parties by way of helping to amuse

Kenneth shuddered-country dinner-parties were his abhorrence-but the speech gave him

the very opening he wanted. "By the way," he said, carelessly, "a propos of neighbours—I passed some place this morning at the end of Dingley Lane, whose chimneys were just visible above the trees. Do you know

"I cight to know, since the cottage belongs to me," rejoined the Colonel, with some emphasis. "A widow lady and her daughter, named Francis, have been there for the last is them or seventeen years, but more than this I'm afraid I can't tell you. The fact is," he added, lowering his voice, "there is some mystery about them, but I can't even guess what its nature may be. When Mrs. Francis took the cottage first, I asked for references, but she said she preferred paying me the rent in advance every year, and with that, of course, I was content. She did not know a soul in the neighbourhood, and would not even receive the Vicar of the Parish when he called upon the Vicar of the Parish when he called upon her—in point of fact, she is a parfect recluse, and as far as I know, has not spoken to a creature besides her daughter and her servant ever since the came to the cotage. She is middle aged now, but she was young then, and pretty to boot. Why should a beautiful young roman suddenly imprison herself in an out-ofthe way place like this, if she have not some very secret?"
"Why, indeed!" repeated Kenneth, thought-

CHAPTER II.

LEXORE'S ankle was not sprained so badly as she feared, and a bandage and a couch were all the remedies that Mrs. Francis thought it all the remedies that Airs. Francis thought it recessing to suggest. So for three days the young girl lay quietly in her own room, drawn up close to the whithen—through which great yellow roses thrust their fragrant faces—and looking out across the level velvet of the lawn, to the plantation of trees that shut her out from

Dingley Lane.
She did not object much to the enforced quietude, though, as a rule, she was always litting about, either in the house or the garden. But now she had something to think of—and it was wonderful how frequently that "something"

was in her thoughts.

The meeting with Seymour was quite an event in her placid life, and no doubt it was for this reason that she magnified it into importance. He was the very first young man of her own station to whom she had spoken, and, to her, he seemed like one of those splendid heroes of romance of whom she had read in novels.

On the second day following her accident, she was looking out of the window from behind the face curtains, when she saw him coming up the path, and immediately afterwards there was a ring at the bell. She listened engerly, her heart beating like a great sledge-hammer in her bosom. Would her mother ask him in, and should she be

permitted to see him?

Alas, no! Five minutes later he was walking back between the blossoming lines of roses, walking very slowly, as the girl was quick to note. When he had reached the gate, he turned to look round, and, moved by some impulse she hardly could have explained, Lenore drew back the curtain, and waved her hand to him.

How different his face became! He raised his hat and waved it towards her, he even looked as if he contemplated returning, and trying to gain a few words from her through the window, but she shook her head so decidedly that he thought better of his intention, and finally took his departure. Hardly had he disappeared from view before Mrs. Francis came into the room look-

ing flushed and annoyed.

Lenore dropped the curtain with a guilty air—
almost as if she had been caught in some

childish naughtiness.

childish naughtiness.
"What are you looking through the window
for?" demanded her mother, quickly. "I
hope you did not let that young man see you?"
"Have you seen him, mother?" asked the
young girl, evading the question. "What did
you say to him?"

"Exactly the same as I did on Tuesday when he asked permission to call. I let him see that I thought he was taking a great liberty in forcing his acquaintance upon us, when I had told him we did not receive visitors." "Oh, mother!

"It was better to be frank with him, and so prevent his coming again. I will do him the justice to say I don't think he had any intention of coming in—all he wanted to know was how your foot was progressing."

Lenore was gilent for a few minutes, her heart beating violently with excitement, while thoughts that had often come to her before, but which she had kept to herself, now struggled for utterance.

At last they burst forth.

"Why should you not allow him to come in?" she exclaimed, rebelliously. "Why should I be cut off from all friendships—all acquaintances, cut oil from all friendships—all acquaintances, even! You will not let me go out to see anyone: you will not have people here. I am young, and I atsolutely long for companionship of my own age—for a right of the great world, and for some share in its pleasures. Am I always to be denied the gratification of such a reasonable wish!"

Over her mother's face a change came. It had been pallid before, but now it was absolutely ghastly—even her lips grew white. It was a moment before she spoke, then she said, impres-

"Yes, since you have asked me the question, I will reply to it frankly. You can never be as other girls are. Between you and them a barrier is fixed that nothing can remove. You are set apart, and apart you must ever remain."

remain."

"But why—why?" exclaimed Lenore.

"Because the shadow of sin is upon you, and it will never be lifted," Mrs. Francis responded, slowly. "I have suffered from it. I have given up my youth, and my beauty, and my chances of enjoyment—why, therefore, should you complain?"

"But I have not sinned, mother !"

"The innocent must suffer for the guilty-is not that the law?

Lenore sighed restlessly.
"Can't you tell me more than this, mother? won't you let me share your secret, whatever it

may be?"
"Never! until the grave claims me!" exclaimed her mother; and she left the room, evidently much agitated by the cateshism to which

the had been subjected.

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A week later Lenore was standing on the lawn of the cottage, in the soft evening dusk, watching the star flowers come out in Heaven's garden, the sky, when a stone fell exactly at her feet. She looked round, startled, but there was no one in sight, and then her glance rested on the stone white paper. Trembling a little, she undid the paper, which contained a few words hastily written in pencil. "Will you come to the gate at the entrance of the plantation, and say good-bye to me? I leave for London to morrow."

There was no signature, and yet Lenore had no doubt as to the writer. For a little while she hesitated, the swift colour coming and going in her cheeks. Should she obey the aummons, and risk the anger of her mother? "It would be the

risk the anger of her mother? "It would be the last time she would see Kenneth perhaps the last glimpse of joy her life would know. Yes, she would have a few moments pleasure, even if she had to pay a bitter price for them.

She glanced round. Mrs. Francis, who had been seated at the window, had withdrawn farther into the room. There was no one in sight. Lenore stole quietly out of the garden, and along the lane until she came to a gate leading into a plantation of paks and beeches, and then she paused, as a young man came hastily forward paused, as a young man came hastily forward from the shadow of the trees, and caught both her hands in his.

"How good of you to come!" exclaimed Kenneth, joyously. "I hardly dered hope for such luck."

"It must only be for a mipute," she returned shyly. "But I wanted to tell you it was not my fault you had so ungracious a reception when you called to inquire after my foot."

"You need not tell me that—I knew it at the time. If I had not known it, I should not bave remained in the neighbourhood as I have done,

merely in the hope of seeing you again. You

are quite all right now, aren't you?"
"Quite. My ankle is as strong as eyer. It
was not such a bad accident after all."

"I am glad of that. Do you know, at the risk of appearing heartless, I must confess to you that I have blessed that accident over and over again."
"Blessed it!"

"Yes, hecause it was the means of our making acquaintance. Won't you forgive me on those

He had not loosed her hands while he was speaking, and now he bent down his curly head, and looked into her face, his eyes on a level with

Lenore's long, dark lashes awept her cheek, but though she slid not speak, he felt a little thrill go through her, and he gently drew her forward

into the wood.
"Stay with me another few minutes," he said, entreatingly. "As I told you in my note, I am going away to norrow, and it may be a long while before I see you again, and I seem to have so much to say to you?"

"How can you have much to say to me?" she exclaimed, half laughing, half trembling. "We have known each other such a short time."
"I suppose we have, if we measure time by

actual hours, but if we counted the moments you had been in my thoughts, I fancy you would admit that I know you pretty well. Do you know I should have left this place a week ago if

I had not met you?"
"Should you?" murmured Lengre, vaguely,
while duty and inclination fought a hard battle in her breast. She knew she ought to bid him farewell, and hasten back home, but all the while she was walking alowly along the mossy pathway by his side, under the wide branching boughs by his side, under the wide pranching bougus of the trees, and a thrush, close at hand was singing,-

" - each song twice over, Lest you should think he never could recapture The first fine careless rapture."

Their conversation treated of many things, and it was certainly not like that of strangers. Kenneth Their conversation treated or many things, and it was certainly not like that of strangers. Kenneth told her that his parents were both dead, and he had been adopted by an unele, who lived at a big rambling old place in W——shire, and who had sent to say he would be in London the next day, and wished his nephew to meet him there.

"If it had not been for that, I should probably have remained at Colonel Chevasse's another week or so, and then I might have had the pleasure of meeting you occasionally," he said. But Lenore shook her head. "Is there no chance of your coming to London ?" he added.

"But you will be here in the autumn?"

"Oh, yes, I think so. There is no doubt of it, in fact. "Why do you ask?"

"Because Colonel Chevassé has invited me down for the shooting in September, and I am afraid my only motive in accepting his hospitality was

"You must not say such things to me, Mr. Seymour," exclaimed Lenore, coming to a stand-still. "I am wrong to listen to you. Let us turn back. I have stayed out too long already. My mother will be wondering what has become of

Seymour obeyed her wishes, and they retraced Seymour obeyed her wishes, and they retraced their steps—but slowly and lingeringly. When they arrived at the gate the last splashes of red light had faded in the west, and the stars were burning far away in the purple depths of the sky. Nevertheless, at this time of the year it is hardly ever quite dark, and enough light remained for Kenneth to see how pretty Lenore looked in her simple white freck, and the big straw hat that made such a fitting frame for her charming face. "Good-bye," she said, and she hesitatingly held out her hand. Kenneth seized it, and yielding to a sudden, overwhelming impulse, pressed it to

to a sudden, overwhelming impulse, pressed it to

his lips, ardently, passionately.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, as, with a little cry, Lenore tried to draw herself away. "I ought not to have done it, I knew, but the temptation was too strong. Ah, Lenore, if I could but make you understand how, since the moment I first saw

you, I have thought of you constantly-how I have lingered about the cottage in the vain hope of seeing you, and almost eaten out my heart in despair because it seemed as if I should never have a chance of getting near you again! And yet, when Heaven permitted me to catch a glimpse of you this evening, I promised myself that I would neither do or say anything to alarm you, or shake your trust in me. But I can't help myself. your trust in me. But I can't help mysen. Lenore, do you believe in love at first sight? I did not till a week ago, but now I know that no love is worth anything that does not leap into being all in a moment. Dearest, I love you with the one great, passionate love of a man's life, and I shall love you to my life's end. I know I have tartled you but his acquait and I dancary I should. startled you by this avowal, and I daresay I should have been a good deal wiser not to have said a word of the kind, but some allowance must be made for the weakness of human nature, and I re-peat, I can't help myself. I love you, Lenore—I love you—I love you!" At first the gir! had indeed been startled, but

as his clasp closed tighter round her hand, and she felt herself drawn nearer and nearer, until her head almost rested gently against his shoulder, she felt as if some of his excitement had communicated itself to her. An intoxicating delight ran like some subtle poison through her veins; she trembled, and the woods that had risen to her lips died unuttered there. Young and innocent as she was, she did not understand her own sensations, but some sort of instinct whispered to her that

this must be love.

A minute later, and she had, with a forcible effort, wrenched herself away, but her heart still beat too quickly for her to find speech. There came the sound of footsteps from the read. Seymour heard it.

"I must not be seen here with you, for fear of thust not be seen here with you, for fear of your mother's anger," he whispered quickly, "but it will not be long before I shall come and ask you for an answer to my suit—little more than two months—in sweet September! Good-bye,

two months—in sweet September! Good-bye, Lenore—good-bye, my little sweetheart."

He disappeared into the lane, and, for a few moments, Lenore stood quite still where he had left her, her feelings in a tumult that she did not even wish to analyze. Instinctively she knew a fresh element had entered her life, bringing with it hore, and life, and one warnetchile, but it have it hope, and life, and joy unspeakable; but it quivered in a tremulous haze of golden possibilities, and she could not disentangle it. Only those words of her lover's kept ringing in her cars like a delicious refrain—"In sweet September! In sweet September!"

CHAPTER III.

Some distant clock struck ten, and the sound aroused Lenore from her reverie. Ten o'clock, and she out of the cottage! What would her mother say, to her ? and what excuse could she make for her absence ?

Swiftly and silently she stole into the garden through the side-gate. In order to reach the house, she had to pass through the little plantation, and, as she did so, she fancied she saw a dark figure glide away in front of her. She paused, and distinctly heard the rustle of the leaves, then she plunged boldly forward, exclaiming aloud. "Who is there?"

There was no answer, neither could she see any one. The leaves had ceased rustling. Who-ever the woman might be—for her momentary glimpse had shown her that it was a woman—she had contrived to make good her escape.

Leuore waited for a little while, then entered the

house; and, after taking off her hat, went shamefacedly enough into the sitting-room-a pretty little room, furnished simply, but with a sugges-tion of refinement in it, due partly to the well-filled book-cases lining the walls, and partly to the huge bowls of roses which stood in every available

A shaded lamp stood on the table, throwing a circle of light in the middle of the room, but leaving the rest of the apartment in shadow. Just at first Lenore fancied no one was there, but a second glance undeceived her. Lying on the couch where the shadow fell thickest, was a prone figure

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in an attitude betokening intense despair. The arms were extended, the hands were clenched tightly together, the pose generally was one of utter abandonment. As Lenore stood rooted to the threshold in amazement, a low, wailing sob broke the stillnes

In a moment the young girl was by the side of the couch, her arms round the miserable woman's neck.

" Mother, dearest mother, what ails you-what

has happened to upset you like this?"

At the sound of her daughter's voice, Mrs. Francis lifted her head, looked about her bewilderedly, then pressed her hand against her brow, and seemed to be making a great effort at self-control. Her will, even yet, was of unbending strength, and in a minute or two she had regained a certain amount of calmness, though her face was still as white as that of a marble statue.

"You look as though you had seen a ghost, mother," said Lenore, looking at her anxiously.
"I have indeed seen a ghost—the ghost of a dead past," muttered the elder woman, indistinctly. She rose to her feet, and drank a glass of water, which seemed to revive her.

"Leave me, Lenore—I am better now, and prefer being alone," she said, in firmer tones, and, although the young girl begged to be allowed to remain, her entreaties were of no avail.

"I have some writing to do, and it must be finished to-night," Mrs. Francis said. "It ought to have been done long ago, but I will delay no longer. Good-night, Lenore; sleep well, my

She pressed her lips to Lenore's brow with more tenderness than she usually displayed, and the girl slowly and reluctantly withdrew. That something had occurred which had had a deep effect on her mother, she at once saw, and she connected it with the dark figure in the shrubbery, of which she had caught a transient glimpse. It was some time before she could get to sleep. The evening had been so full of events that her brain seemed all in a whirl; but, above everything else, the sound of Seymour's deep, rich voice, with a lingering caress in its tone, was dominant. He was coming back in September. She would thrill once more beneath his touch : her heart would leap up in responsive beats under the magic of his glance. In sweet September! And then the world glance. would be turned into Fairyland.

At last she fell into a fitful and uneasy slumber. At last she fell into a nitul and uneary summer. She awoke from it suddenly, and with a sharp ery of terror. An icy hand had been laid on her brow—icy as that of Death itself, She started up to see her mother by her bedside, dressed in a long white dressing gown that fell in straight folds to her feet, her face white and wild, and her even full of a tarrible despair.

eyes full of a terrible despair.

"Lenore," she whispered, shrilly, "get up. I think I am dying. My heart has been beating so fast that it almost choked me, and I could not write as I intended to. I have tried, and tried. But it was in vain—all in vain!"

She wrung her hands piteously, and then, as if unable to stand, sank down in a chair by the bedside, while Lenore began hastily dressing her-

"I will send for a doctor, now, this minute!" she exclaimed, and she ran to the maid's room, and despatched the girl immediately. When she When she returned, the pallor on her mother's face had grown more ghastly: there were deep, blue

shadows under her eyes.
"Lenore!" she gasped, "don't leave me again, not even for a minute. I have something to tell you. I tried to write it, but could not. It is the secret—that—I—have kept—all—these—years." She paused to take breath, pressing her hand hard against her left side. ome nearer,

Lenore, I-Her head fell forward. Lenore, whose arms were round her, suddenly felt a heavy weight leaning against her shoulder. A terrible certainty forced itself upon her—her mother was

Yes, and her secret died with her.

It was a rainy afternoon in August. since morning the rain had been drip—dripping, and the wind had sighed mournfully through the dark leaves of the trees. The sky was low and

grey, the horizon was blotted out in mist, the air was damp and depressing. Not, by any means, an ideal day for Lenore Francis to begin her new life at Newlyn Court.

She tried to keep her spirits up, and put on a cheerful expression as the racketty old cab she had taken at the station pulled up in front of the big, imposing-looking red-brick house which was to be her future home. She had accepted an engagement as secretary to Lady Newlyn—ac-cepted it gladly, for her mother's small annuity had died with her, and poor Lenore was thrown upon her own resources for a living.

But, young and inexperienced as she was, she trembled a little at the ordeal that was before her, and it was only by an effort that she contrived to retain her self-possession as she entered the lofty hall, and was ushered by a gorgeous footman into the drawing-room, where two ladies were seated—one of the fat-fair-and-forty order, the other a handsome girl of nineteen, with regularly classical features, fair hair, and cold, blue

"How do you do, Miss—er—Francis?" drawled the elder woman, without rising from her chair. "You have had a disagreeable journey, I am

afraid. Won't you sit down?"

Lenore sat down, and the fair young lady surveyed her with a species of calmly-inquiring

stare that struck Lenore as rather impertinent.
"Will you have some tea?" pursued the first
speaker—a dainty silver tea-equipage was on a
silver tray at her side. "Tea is always so speaker—a dainty suver tea-equipage was silver tray at her side. "Tea is always so refreshing, especially after a journey. By the way, I must introduce myself. I am Mrs. Philip Newlyn, and this is my daughter, Miss Gertrude Newlyn."

Lenore bowed, and drank her tea in silence The beverage would have been pleasanter if it had not been stone cold, but Mrs. Philip, as she was called, had already had as much tea as she wanted, and she decided that it was certainly not worth while having any fresh made for such

an insignificant personage as the new secretary.

Indeed, Mrs. Philip was not inclined to regard the new secretary with any special favour. She did not see what Lady Newlyn wanted with a secretary at all, but this opinion she had kept to herself, Lady Newlyn being the very last person in the world likely to accept advice. Having taken in every detail of the stranger's

appearance, from her small crape bonnet, pretty pale face, down to the neatly shod feet, Miss Gertrude returned to her novel, and vouchsafed no further notice, while her mother gave Lenore a few details concerning the house-hold.

Presently the thought seemed to strike her that the young girl might like to go to her room, and thither she was accordingly conducted by a smart young housemaid, who provided her with hot water, and then left her. The bedroom was bright and pretty, and opened into a second apartment furnished as a sitting-room. Both rooms looked out on the west side of the house. Immediately beneath the windows ran a terrace,

and beyond that was the shrubbery.

As soon as Lenore had changed her dress, and smoothed her hair, she was summoned to the presence of Lady Newlyn—a somewhat alarming-looking old lady, with handsome aquiline features, iron-grey hair, and glittering black eyes which flashed yet with some of the spirit, and a great deal of the determination, of youth.

She looked at Lenore attentively, and, perhaps, semething in the forlorn-looking black-robed figure, with its graceful lines and the pathetic sweetness of the eyes touched her, for she held out her hand graciously enough.

"Welcome to Newlyn Court, Miss Francis,"

she said, motioning the girl to a seat opposite her—a fire was burning in the grate, although it was August. "This is the first time you have left home, I understand ?"

"And your mother is just dead ?" again, in a lowered voice.

"Ah, well, death comes to all of us, and it would be well if it were the worst sorrow we were called upon to endure," muttered the old lady, with a smothered sigh. "Have you no relations."

"None that I know of."

"You are absolutely alone in the world?"
"To the best of my belief I am."

"To the best of my belief I am."
"Iunderstood something of this from the vicar of
your parish, who answered my advertisement for
a secretary. Well, I hope you will be comfortable
here, and I see no reason why you should not
be. My sight is getting bad, so you will have to
answer my letters for me, read to me in the afternoon, and, perhaps, play to me in the evening.
Mrs. Philip Newlyn told me that her daughter,
Gartrude, could have done all this for me, but I Gertrude, could have done all this for me, but I

Gertrude, could have done all this for me, but I prefer not to be dependent on my relations."

"Is Mrs. Philip Newlyn your daughter-in-law?" questioned Lenore.

"No. She is simply the widow of my husband's cousin, so the relationship is not very near, but she and her daughter have lived with me for some years and they are the nearest. with me for some years and they are the nearest relatives I possess. When you can't have what you want, you must put up with what you can get." added the old lady, grimly. "Now run get," added the old lady, grimly. "Now run off to your room. I daresay you would rather be alone to-night, so I shall order your dinner to be taken up to you."

Lenore was not sorry for the permission. Nevertheless, she liked Lady Newlyn, although it was easy to see she was dominating aud autocratic, fond of her own way, and accustomed to getting it. An old lady to be feared, perhaps, and yet re-

spected.

Feared she was, and by no one more than Ger-trude Newlyn, who had an uncomfortable idea that the old lady had gauged her character pretty shrewdly, and saw her for what she was—a cold, vain, worldly and selfish creature, whose one object in life was her own gratification. Still, she was beautiful, and Lady Newlyn adored beauty—she was even a little proud of Gertrude, who was certainly both handsome and accomplished, and was openly regarded as the heiress of Newlyn

All this Lenore learned afterwards, but she guessed part of it that first night, as she sat alone in her room, feeling very solitary and friendless in the big house, but bravely keeping back her tears, and telling herself that she must not lose courage

in this first battle of hers with the great world.

The maid had lighted some candles, but Lenore blew them out, and seated herself at the open window which looked out on the terrace. It had ceased raining, and the clouds were drifting Through a great rent in them the silver radiance of the moon was visible, and the air was saturated with the fragrance of the wet roses and

mignonette in the garden below.

Lenore's thoughts dwelt for some time on her dead mother, then they wandered off to Kenneth Seymour, and that last good-bye at the gate of the plantation. A great wave of colour came over the girl's cheeks, and involuntarily she hid her face in her hands so as to cover those tell-tale blushes. Once more she felt the young man's kisses on her hand, his breath fanning the hair on her brow. When would she see him again, she wondered?

Suddenly Lenore's hands fell from her face, and she raised her head with a swift movement of arrested attention. From the terrace down below a man's voice had come up to her-a voice that she knew, and that made her heart redouble

its beating.

It could not be Kenneth! Her foolish fancy was playing her a trick. And yet—she did not believe that the voice of any other man in the

world could be as musical as that! She leaned out of the casement. The drawing: room windows also looked on the terrace, and from them came a broad patch of light. Two people were standing just within one of the windows, but Lenore dared not lean out far enough to distinguish their faces, for fear of attracting their attention.

One was a woman, who, from her voice, Lenore recognized as Gertrude Newlyn; the man's voice was certainly very like Seymour's—so like, that Lenore, at length, became convinced it must belong to him. Presently the voices ceased—a sign that their owners had withdrawn from the window farther into the room, but Lenore remained at her post, staring vaguely out into the tremulous moonlight, and shivering a little once or twice as

the cold night breeze swept in through the rose branches that wreathed the casement.

At length, as a gradual stillness settling down upon the house told her it must be growing very late, she withdrew into the bedroom, and began slowly to undress herself. The little clock on the mantelpiece struck one, and Lenore reflected that she was probably the only person in the household who was not asleep. She blew out the candle, and was on the point of getting into bed, when a sound that seemed to come from some part of the room—where, she could not exactly have told—made her pause, while a strange horror fastened upon her. The sound was repeated—a long, low hiss, like that of a snake—a sound that was absolutely bloodcurdling in its suggestions.

Lenore was by no means a timid girl, but, like a good many other people, she had an intense horror of snakes, and her first idea was that one horror of snakes, and her first idea was that one of these reptiles had by some means found its way into her chamber. Shivering in every limb, and restraining with difficulty the cry of horror that rose to her lips, she groped about in the darkness for the matches wherewith to light her candle again. Of course she could not find them, and once more came that prolonged hiss, driving the girl almost frantic with terror.

Headle herewize what she did she ded into

Hardly knowing what she did, she fled into the sitting-room, out through the door, and along the passage until she reached the end, where it turned sharply round to the landing. Here her progress was barred by a tall, stately figure, who caught hold of her arm, and bent down so as to see her face. It was Lady Newlyn.

"Good Heavens, Miss Francis, what has happened to you?" she exclaimed, sharply, dragging her forward until she stood in the light of a lamp that was always kept burning through the night. "You are as white as a ghost, and all of a tremble. I hope to goodness you are not

Lenore managed to command her voice suffi-ciently to narrate what had befallen her, and, as she finished speaking, she looked up into Lady Newlyn's face, which had bleached to an ashen

"Come into my dressing-room, and let me give you a restorative," said the old lady, in a shaken voice; "you have had a fright, and your nerves are upset," she added, as she seated Lenore on a couch, and poured her out some sal

She watched her attentively while she drank it, and Lenore fancied that meanwhile she

erself was making a great effort at self-control.

"Stay here, while I go and see if there is really anything in the corridor," she concluded, authoritatively, and taking a candle with her she left the room, carefully closing the door behind her.

A few minutes later she returned, and by this

time she looked her usual cold, haughty self.
"It was nothing but the wind hissing through an unclosed window, my dear. Your nerves are evidently out of order, and they magnified the sound into something a great deal more terrible than the reality. I must give you a tonic, and that will soon set you up. But how your teeth are chattering! You are cold; and no wonder, either, seeing that you have only your nightdress on. Wrap this fur cloak round you, and now I will take you back to your room. I assure you

there is nothing to be afraid of."

Lenore permitted herself to be led to her own apartments again, but she continued to look about her apprehensively meanwhile, very far from satisfied with the explanation given her.

"You had better keep a light burning if you are still inclined to be timid," said the old lady, herself lighting the young girl's candle, "and perhaps you had better lock your door. Yes, I certainly advise you to do that both to-night, and on every future occasion. I ought to have mentioned that before."

These last words were muttered more to herself than to her companion, but Lenore's quick ears caught them, and after Lady Newlynhad departed, caughthem, and after Lany Newsymhat depart on, she wondered what they meant. However, she took the advice, and not only locked the door, but peered under the bed, behind the chest of drawers, shook out the curtains, and at last convinced herself that the room was absolutely empty, save for her own presence. Then she got into bed, but she could not sleep. Over and over again she started up in a cold perspiration as the memory of that horrible hiss was brought vividly back to her. One thing was certain—no wind whistling through a window could have made a sound like that.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE Lenore had been at Newlyn Court many days, the conviction forced itself upon her that there was some mystery connected with the place, and that it centered more especially round the oldest portion of the house—an ivy-covered wing, which was always known as the south wing, and which the servants declared was haunted. Lenore did not exactly believe in the haunting, but she fancied some-times at night that she heard strange noises proceeding from those locked rooms which no one except, Lady Newlyn, ever entered. One of the maids told her that a murder had once been committed there, and not so many years ago, either, but she did not know whether this was true, or merely servants' gossip, and there was no one from whom she could seek information.

She had grown to like Lady Newlyn, with her white hair, and her tragically sorrowful eyes— eyes that had become dim with the shedding of many tears.

Of Mrs. Philip and Gertrude she saw very little—the former thought her quite an unnecessary appendage to the household, but did not dare to say so; the latter treated her with studied insolence and contempt—that is to say, when Lady Newlyn was not by. In her presence both the younger women were careful to be scrupulously

polite to the secretary.

Lenore had been at the Court a little more than a week, when one evening, about six o'clock, she was called into Lady Newlyn's boudoir, and found her ladyship holding a note in her hand which had evidently very much upset

her.

"Miss Francis, I want you to do me a favour," she began, abruptly. "We are having a dinner-party this evening, as you know, and now Mrs. Marston writes to say that she is too ill to come, so we shall be one lady short. Worse than that, our number will be thirteen. Now I confess to a say that a concent of superstition: thirteen is an certain amount of superstition: thirteen is an will you oblige me by making one of our party, and thus converting it into fourteen?"

Lenore glanced down at her mourning dress,

and remained silent.

"My dear," said Lady Newlyn, gently, "I know that you would prefer not mixing with people in these first few months of your sorrow, but after all, true grief is independent of conventionality, and you will be conferring a great favour on me by consenting to my request.

Lenore had no alternative after this, so she withdrew to turn over her slender stock of clothes, and to decide on what she should wear. She did not possess a single evening dress; her nearest approach to one was a thick, lustreless black silk, and in this she arrayed herself. When her toilette was completed, she looked at the reflection the glass gave back with extreme dissatisfaction. What a gloomy little figure she appeared! Unrelieved black from head to foot, except for a little pearl brooch at her throat.

There came a knock at the door, and Lady

Newlyn entered, carrying some white flowers in

She looked at the young girl carefully, then shook her head, and went out, returning presently with some fine cobwebby lace.

"You are too sombre for such a young creature," she said, with the smile that lighted up her face occasionally, and that yet, in itself, was infinitely sad. "I used to be considered very infinitely sad. "I used to be considered very clever in my youth as an amateur lady's maid, sit down and let me operate on you, and then I shall see if my old skill has quite deerted me." Lenore obeyed, and Lady Newlyn would not let her look in the glass until she had completed

her toilette. Then she stepped back a few paces and said,-

"Now you are finished. Confess I have made an alteration for the better in your appearance."
"Indeed you have!" exclaimed Lenore,
warmly, and it was the truth. The glass gave
back the image of a sweet-faced girl, whose goldshot hair was piled high on her head, and crowned

with delicate white orchid blossoms. Her dress had been tucked in in front, leaving part of the milk-white neck bare, and about the bodice was draped the soft yellow lace, festooned by the pearl brooch, and caught here and there with sprays of the same exotic flowers as crowned her hair.

Lady Newlyn looked at her for a few minutes in silence, and with a strangely absorbed gaze. Then she shook her head slightly, and muttered a few sentences half to herse'f.

This habit of uttering her thoughts aloud was a frequent one with her, and more than once Lenore had caught words which she was sure were not intended for her ear.

"She seems like a link with the past," was what Lady Newlyn said, unconscious that she was speaking aloud. Then she recovered from her self-absorption, and selecting one orchid from the spray that still lay on the table, pushed the others towards Lenore. "Fasten them in your bodice, my dear. I have kept this one for a favourite of mine who is coming to-night, and whom I always provide with a button-hole. He is a nephew of my nearest neighbour, Colonel Seymour. His own name is Kenneth Seymour.

Luckily, Lenore's face was bent down over the flowers, so her swift blush and start passed unnoticed.

He was coming—she would see him this very evening! Her heart beat so violently with delight that she was afraid its throbs would be

"He has been a favourite of mine ever since his boyhood," went on Lady Newlyn, unconscious of the intense interest with which her words were followed, "and, I suppose, in course of time, he will be some sort of relation, too, when he is married to Gertrude. He is really a great deal too good for her, but she is handsome and accomplished, and when a man is in love he doesn't mind about much else. Go to my room and fetch me my fan, and then you can give me your arm

Mechanically Lenore obeyed; but outside the door, in the semi-darkness of the corridor, she paused for a moment, and leaned against the wall for support, while a shiver stirred her limbs from head to foot.

Kenneth going to marry Gertrude—Kenneth, whose image and whose every word she had treasured up in her heart—Kenneth, whom in spite of herself, she had grown to love with the deepest fervour and passion of which youth is capable—and all the while he had been engaged to another girl!

His tender speeches, his promises of return in "sweet September" had meant just nothing. He was amusing himself with an idle flirtationthat was all.

Pride—and she possessed a good deal of it—came to Lenore's aid. At least, she would let no one guess her humiliation.

She called her resolution to her aid, and then went on her errand, and returned with the fan to Lady Newlyn, looking like a young princess with the well-poised head held aloft, and her

what the well-point near held aloft, and her lovely eyes flashing like stars on a frosty night.

"You are very pretty," said Lady Newlyn, who seldom took the trouble to disguise her sentiments. "I had no idea till to-night that you could look so well."

There was no one in the drawing-room when they entered. The great white-and-gold apartment was lighted up with innumerable wax candles, and fragrant with the scent of hothouse flowers. A minute later, and the door was thrown open by the butler, who announced,—

"Colonel and Mr. Kenneth Saymour."

Colonel and Mr. Kenneth Seymour." Lady Newlyn went forward to greet them, then

introduced both gentlemen to Lenore. The Colonel, a stout, red-faced, obstinate-look-ing man, bowed, and went with his hostess to the inner drawing-room to see a new print which had

tl w or s a n

been sent from London that day, so that the two young people were left virtually alone.

Lenore had been standing with her head bent over a vase of flowers. Now she lifted it, and looking Kenneth fully in the face, bowed to him with icy politeness.

"Lenore!" he exclaimed, in a surprise almost

too great for words, "is it really you?"
"Certainly it is I, Mr. Seymour. Did you not know that I was Lady Newlyn's secretary?"

It cost her an immense effort, but she spoke

the words with perfect calminess, and returned his glance almost contemptuously.

"I had no idea of it. If I had known?"-he began impulsively, then he stopped. "Lenore!" he exclaimed, in a passionate whisper, coming nearer, after he had assured himself that his uncle and hostess were still in the inner room.

"Why did you not let me know?"
"You forget, Mr. Seymour, that I have no sort

of claim on your interest."

" Don't speak like that. Why are you so cold-so altogether different from the Lenore who bade me good-bye in the wood at Dingley, hardly more than two months ago? Ah, if you knew how often my thoughts have gone back happy moments-if you knew how I had been looking forward to seeing you next mouth !

Lenore's breath came swiftly and unevenly, but she managed to hide her agitation from him.

"You will oblige me by not referring to our former meetings again. We are not likely to see much of each other in the future, and no purpose will be served by letting any one know that

we were acquainted in the past."

A look of deep mortification came on his face,

but he bowed.

"Very well, Miss Francis. If such be your desire, I, of course, can do nothing but acquiesce.

He had no time to say more, for just then Gertrude Newlyn and her mother came in, and Lenore withdrew into the background, telling he self proudly that she had scored a victory.

So, perhaps, she had, but at what cost to herself?

A young man with an eyeglass, and a limited stock of ideas, took her in to dinner, and, as it happened, they sat opposite to Kenneth and Gertrude, who had come in together. Lenore was glad a screen of flowers partly interposed between them, but it was not dense enough to completely their faces, and our poor little heroine tormented herself by watching them whenever an opportunity offered.

How handsome Gertrude looked, with her pale

green silk, her large white shoulders shaming in colour the pearls twisted round her throat, and amongst the shining bands of her hair. Surely, in spite of her hauteur, she was a bride of whom any man might be proud!

"Good-looking couple, aren't they," said the gentleman next her, following her glance. "I suppose the marriage will take place pretty soon. It has been a sort of settled thing for some time."

Lenore made no answer, her heart was too full, and her companion did not trouble himself to address her again. This was her first dinnerparty, and oh, what a miserable one it was !

When they returned to the drawing-room it was little better. During the whole of the evening Kenneth hardly stirred from Gertrude's side, and, to say the truth, the young lady was as much surprised as pleased at this unusual display of devotion.

"I don't know what has come over him," she said to her mother, in the privacy of her dressingroom that same night, when the two were dis-cussing the events of the evening. "He was cer-tainly a great deal more demonstrative than he has ever been before. H was in love with me. He almost made me believe he

"Of course he is in love with you," returned her mother, sharply. "Is he not going to marry

"I suppose so-but he has never told me so "There was no necessity for him to do so. His uncle and Lady Newlyn arranged it long ago."

"I think they might have had the grace to consult me before settling it."

Where was the good? They knew you Seymour!

would not be such a fool as to refuse the prospect

"the is a fine place," murmured Gertrude, in a musing tone, "and the estate joins this one. The two tegether will make a splendid heritage."

"You are right; and you may consider your-self an extremely lucky girl."

I suppose there is no doubt that Lady Newlyn will make me her heiress.

"None whatever-that is if you play your cards well."

Gertrude made a slight grimace.

"As to that, you need not fear. Have I not given way to the old lady, borne her insults with meekness, pretended love and gratitude towards her when, if I could have had my own way, I would have told her to her face that she was an exacting old tyrant, and that I detested her? Have I not tolerated this Miss Francis, who is almost as insufferable as Lady Newlyn herself?"

"I can't understand why you dislike the girl. She has certainly never given you any cause to

"Perhaps not, but the fact remains the same, returned Gertrude, shrugging her shoulders dis-dainfully. If she had said she disliked all girls who had any pretence to rival herself in good looks, she would only have confessed the truth. She was by nature intensely jealous, and her indolent mother had never made an eff rt to correct

After a pause, she said, reflectively,—"I wish Kenneth Seymour would definitely propose to me."

"He will probably do so to-morrow," returned Mrs. Philip. "I have an idea that it was for that very purpose Lady Newlyn asked him and his le to stay the night at the Court

Meanwhile, Lenore was seated in her old place close to the window in her bedroom, looking with miserable, tired eyes on the starlit darkness out-

The strain on her endurance had been a very prent one, and now the reaction had come, and she had leisure to plumb the depths of her forrow. Unknown even to herself, the thought of Kenneth had twined round her very heartstrings, and she had felt assured that when he went to Dingley in September and found her gone, he would manage to discover her whereabouts through Colonel Chevassé, with whom she had left her address. Yes, he would seek her out, and find her, and then,-Lenore had never quite completed the sentence, but had lost herself in a golden haze of

future possibilities.

"He is unworthy of my love—he was only play-

it was cruel of him—cruel—cruel!"

She tesned her head on the window-sill, and lay there quite still for nearly an hour; then she rose, and slowly began taking the flowers out of her hair, and letting down the glorious wealth of rippling, silken waves that the flowers had crowned. Before she took off her threes, she suddenly discovered that the little pearl brooch, en-closing some of her mother's hair, which Mrs. Francis had given her on her last birthday, had disappeared, and then she remembered that she had heard something drop as she stood at the pinno in the drawing-room, turning over the leaves of the music while one of the guests sang.

"I must go down and find it," she murmured; and she took her candle, and stole cautiously along the passage and downstairs—glancing rather timidly around as she did so, for the memory of that hiss she had heard on the night of her arrival at the Court was still vividly present to her, and nothing would have induced her to venture out of her rooms without a light, once darkness had fallen.

The house was very quiet, but it was not dark, for more lights than usual had been left burning on account of the visitors. The staircase led straight down into the great oak-panelled hall, with its grim-looking suits of armour, it heraldic devices, and its tattered banners hanging from the walls.

Lenore had just reached it, and was crossing to the drawing-room, when her heart gave a sudden great leap, for, advancing swiftly towards her, was a man-none other than Kenneth

Her first impulse was to turn and flee; but, before she could carry it into effect, he was beside

her, and his firm hand clasped her wrist.
"Lenore!" he whispered. "This is good luck I have just left the smoking-room, and I thought every creature in the house beside myself was fast asleep. What brings you here at this hour ?

"I have lost a brooch, and I am going to the

drawing-room to look for it."

"Let me help you."
"Certainly not. Will you be good enough to looze my arm, Mr. Seymour?"

He shook his head.
"No, Lenore. Now I have you, I mean to keep you. Do you know that all the while I have been in the smoking-room I have not smoked one single cigar-I have been thinking

of you, and your unkindness towards me."
"My unkindness!" she echoed, and her voice trembled a little. "I do not understand what

vou mean!

"Then you are even harder-hearted than I fancied. Why did you greet me as if we were the veriest strangers?

"Because in the future we shall be the veriest

strangers."

"I am not speaking of the future—let that take care of itself. I talk of the present—these precious moments that we hold in our grasp, and that even now are slipping from us. you no word of welcome for me?

She did not answer-how could she, indeed, when his eyes were compelling hers with all the old magic—when his touch on her wrist still sent sharp little stabs of pleasure—pleasure that was very nearly akin to pain—darting through

"Is there someone else?" he went on jealously. "Has some other man taken the place that I so longed for? And yet, it seems impossible, for love itself looked out of your eyes that night in the wood when we parted. Is it so, Lenore? Tell me the truth -is there someone else ?

She shook her head. At least, he should not

be left to such a belief as that.

"Then I was not wrong, and you did care for me!" he went on eagerly, triumphantly. "Oh, my sweet, little, wild flower, I think I should have died of misery if I knew I had deceived myself that night, Lenore. Lenore, it is Heaven itself to have you near me once more !

As he spoke he pressed a passionate kiss on her

She drew away indignantly. "How dare you!" she exclaimed; "you, who are engaged to marry Miss

He started as if he had been stung, and stepped back a pace, his face growing white. Who told you I was engaged to her?'

"Lady Newlyn."

"Then Lady Newlyn did not speak the truth; for I have never in my life said a word of love to Gertrude. I know that my uncle was very anxious I should marry her, in order that his estate and that of Newlyn might eventually be joined together, and it is likely enough that if I had not seen you I might have agreed. But now I will never agree to it-never-never! I will marry you, Lenore, or else remain unwedded for your sake."

There was no mistaking the sincerity of his words. All Lenore's doubts melted away like snow in sunshine. She was too innocent and ignorant of the world and its ways to attempt any concealment, and in the shy, sweet eyes upraised to his, Kenneth read a love true and

They were all alone. They were young, and their love was pure as Adam and Eve's in the Garden of Eden, before the trail of the serpent lay on its leaves and its flowers. As Kenneth's strong arms drew her to his breast, Lenore told herself that the joys of Paradise could not have been greater than hers at this moment.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Kenneth came down to breakfast the next merning, it was with the unpleasant con-

sciousness of a disagreeable task before him. He knew how his uncle's heart was set on his marrying Gertrude, and he anticipated "a row." Nevertheless, he was firm in his resolve to be true to Lenore.

The two gentlemen were going to remain at the Court till after luncheon. Kenneth noticed with surprise, at breakfast, how quiet and preoccupied Colonel Seymour appeared; he seldem spoke, and had the air of a man whose mind was absorbed by some anxious thought. After the meal was over, he followed Kenneth out into the hall, and then beckened him to the terrace, where they were practically alone.

they were practically alone.

"You had better speak seriously to Miss
Newlyn this morning, Ken," he said, "I had a
little conversation with Lady Newlyn yesterday,
and she told me that she intended making Gertrude her heiress, so it is all plain sailing. You are a fortunate fellow—about to marry a beautiful girl, and an heiress to boot!"

Kenneth pever knew afterwards exactly how he broke his refusal to his uncle. He tried to do it as gently as possible, but, well acquainted as he was with the old soldier's choleric temper, he was hardly prepared for the burst of fury with which his communication was received.

"You won't marry Gertrude—you will thwart me in the dearest object of my life!" gasped the Colonel, his face growing absolutely purple with rage. "After all my kindness to you-after my bringing you up, and treating you as my own son, you turn round and refuse to accede wishes! But I say you shall marry her—do you hear, sir! You shall!"

Kenneth was silent, and the Colonel walked backwards and forwards along the terrace until

he spoke again. "Besides, putting aside my wishes, you must remember that you have compromised yourself with Gertrude. She looks upon her engagement

to you as a settled fact."

"You can hardly blame me for that, uncle. I have always been most careful not to say a word

to her that betokened more than friendship!"
"Nonsense! Were your attentions to her last night merely those of a friend ?"

Kenneth bit his lip. "I was to blame last night, I confees it, was piqued with Miss Francis's coldness, and, like a fool, I tried to hide my pique by flirting with the nearest girl at hand."

"I have nothing to do with your pique. I say you are to marry Gertrude Newlyn.

"And suppose I refuse?"

"Then," said the Colonel, deliberately, "I will have nothing more to do with you. You can go your way, you and your pauper bride. By gad, your way, you and your paper bride. By gad, sir, I myself will propose to Gertrude Newlyn, and I shall not despair of inducing her to become

Kenneth looked at his uncle in surprise. This was far worse than he had expected. He had known the Colonel would "cut up rough," as he expressed it; but be was not prepared for such an announcement as this. The soldier's face was hard and resolute as a rock: there was no chance of moving such iron determination as was there expressed

"Do you mean this as final, sir ?" he asked, at last.

"I do. It is absolutely final. You must choose between me and wealth, and Miss Francis and poverty. I am not a man given to half measures, and I must have your answer at once, I will allow you ten minutes to decide in."

He took his watch out of his pocket, and, holding it in his hand, began paoing to and fro, while Kenneth stood quite still, looking before him at the park that stretched out in long sweeping undulations to the distant woods. On his right he caught a glimpse of Seymour Chase. All these broad and fertile lands would be his if he would marry Gertrude: they must all pass away from him if he remained loyal to Lenore.

At the end of the ten minutes Colonel Sevmour paused in front of him.

Well ?"

" I have decided," the young man said, firmly. " I will marry Miss Francis."

your home, and, for my part, I wash my hands of you altogether."

The Colonel went indoors. His face was pale now, and it was evident that this decision cost him a good deal, but, all the same, it was inflexible. He was not a man given to "chopping and changing," as he binself said, and, once having committed himself to any course of action, he would go on with it to the bitter end.

Of course, it was impossible he could remain at Newlyn Court any longer. He must make some sort of excuse for getting away, but he decided not to give Lady Newlyn the real explanation at least, for a day or two. It was possible that, even yet, Kenneth might change his mind; and, in the meantime. Kenneth's uncle wished to contrive an interview with Miss Francis.

The old officer was well acquainted with the Court, and made his way up to the private sitting-room of its mistress, at the door of which he knocked. A sweet, girlish voice said, "Come in," and, entering, he found himself in the presence of Lenore.

"Lady Newlyn is not very well, and is lying down in her dressing room. Can I give her any message for you?" the young girl asked, rising, and colouring slightly under his intent gaze.

"Thank you, no. But, if you will permit me,

I will take the opportunity of having a few minutes' private conversation with you."

Lenore bowed, and resumed her seat, while he took a chair opposite, still looking at her in the same piercing manner as before.

"Miss Francis," he said, suddenly, "does this belong to you?"

As he spoke he drew from his waistcoat pocket a small paper parcel, which, when unwrap ed, proved to be the brooch Lenore had lost the preceding evening. It was a curious little jewel, being set with pearls in the shape of a true-lovers' knot. Pendant from the knot was a heart, with the initials "V. H. N." on it in front, while the back inclused a lock of fine, soft hair.

"Yes, it is mine. I lost it in the drawing-room last night, and when I looked for it afterwards, I could not find it."

"Probably not. I stayed in the drawing-room with Lady Newlyn till everybody else had gone out, and it was not till after she, too, had retired that I found the brooch on the floor. Excuse my curiosity, but how did you become possessed of it?"

"It belonged to my mother, and she gave it

"Ah, I thought so !" muttered the Colonel ; and he drew a long, deep breath. Then he said, "I suppose your mother did not tell you who gave it to her? "She did not."

"Probably you know very little of her early

"I know nothing at all," Lenore answered, the flush deepening in her face; "nor," she added, a trifle haughtily, "do I see what interest it can possibly have for you, Colonel Seymour."
"On the contrary, it has a very great interest

-for one reason, because I knew your mother in her youth, and am perfectly conversant with her history; for another, because my nephew has just informed me that he has engaged himself to marry you. Do you intend holding him to that engagement ?"

Lenore's lashes drooped over her burning cheeks. She did not like Colonel Seymourmore than that, she was growing, in some intangible way, afraid of him. When he came in, she had been lost in a happy dream, of which Kenneth was, of course, the central figure; but since the soldier's entrance, a curious presage of coming evil had driven all other thoughts away.

"Do you intend holding him to that engagement?" repeated her companion, sternly repeated her companion, sternly because, if so, it is only right that you should know the conditions on which you marry him. He has not a farthing that I do not allow him. He has been brought up to a life of luxury, and, so far as I can tell, would find it extremely difficult to earn his own living. For some years it has been my earnest desire that he should marry Miss Gertrude Newlyn, and if he does not "Very well. You have only yourself to blame marry her, I shall disinherit him. Have I made for what follows. Seymour Chase is no longer matters clear to you, Miss Francis?"

" Perfectly clear," she responded, drawing up her slim young throat, and returning his glance with scornful luminous eyes that never faltered as they met his. "In return, I will be equally candid. I do not love your nephew for the sake of the fortune you intended leaving him, but for his own sake; therefore, your threat of disin-heritance does not make the least difference in the world to me. I would as soon marry him penniless as if he were a millionaire."

Colonel Seymour was taken aback fearless candour of this declaration, and his face hardened.

You mean to say, then, that you are deter-mined to become Kenneth's wife?"

"If Kenneth wish it-yes!

"And you will permit him to ruin himself, to throw away all his best changes in life, for the sake of a foolish infatuation that six months of

Tenore's expression changed; her eyes clouded.

"Remember," continued the officer, seeing his advantage, and pursuing it, "he will find it very difficult indeed to earn even as much money as he has been accustomed to throw away in gloves and cigars. He is not the sort of man who cares nothing for the refinements of life. I tell you, if you persist in marrying him, you spoil his whole existence, and in course of time he will grow to hate you."

Lenore raised her head.

"I must accept the risk, if risk there be. He has been true to me, and I will be true to him. No one can foretell the future, and I believe Kenneth has it in him to conquer Fate, and defy Poverty. So long as there is no dishonour in our marriage, I care for nothing else.

The officer bent forward until his face was close to ners. His hands were clenched tightly together; beads of perspiration stood on his brow. It was evident that he was very greatly

agitated.

"But there is dishonour in it!" he said, in a low, strained whisper. "I would have hidden it from you if only you had listened to reason, but, as you are obstinate, you must learn the truth.

Miss Francis, I know the history of your family
better, I suspect, than you know it yourself—unless, indeed, your mother confessed everything to

He said the last sentence interrogatively, and Lenore, her heart growing faint within her, made a sign of negation.

She said not a word of her reasons for withdrawing from the world and secluding herself in

a little country village under an assumed name?"
"Not one," returned Lenore, tremulously, "I believe she intended doing so the night she died, but her strength failed her. Do you mean me

"I knew her very well, but I have not seen for nearly twenty years, and I had no idea whether she was living or dead until I picked up the brooch which I instantly recognised, for had given it to her as a wedding present, and I had seen her wearing it many times. Miss Francis," the officer continued, in an imploring voice, "don't force me into telling you the tragedy of your mother's life. It is much better at it should rest buried in oblivion, and, if you will only break off your engagement with Kenneth, I, for one, will hold my tongue for

Lenore stood up and faced him, her eyes shin-

ing with something like scorn.
"Colonel Seymour, I refuse to make terms with you, and I refuse to give up Kenneth, unless, as I said before, my marriage would bring dishonour upon him. Do your worst-I defy

The Colonel rose too. He was a violenttempered man, not used to opposition, and the challenge in her voice roused all his worst qualities.

"Since you will have it so, I have no alternative. Well, then, the reason your mother concealed her identity was that she was a fugitive from justice, who, for nearly twenty years, evaded the laws of her country. She was the murderess of her own husband, and the murder took place under this very roof!"

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CHAPTER VI.

HALF-AN-HOUR later Lenore stole from Lady Newlyn's boudoir to her own room. But how different from the rose-cheeked Lenore who had bidden Colonel Seymour enter.

Every drop of blood had left her face, she was white to the very lips, and in her eyes was an expression of despair absolutely pitiful to witness.
From Colonel Seymour she had heard the story

of her mother's crime -acrime committed through

jealousy, and under the roof of Newlyn Court.
She confessed that the officer was right, and that her mother's dishonour was reflected on herself, and formed a barrier between her and Kenneth, which was insurmountable,

A great longing was upon her to get away from Court-away from Kenneth

everything that could remind her of the past.

It was, she confessed to herself, a strange fate which had brought her to the scene of the murder

the very spot where her father had breathed his last, stricken down by the hand of his wife.

The only consolation she had was that no one except the Colonel knew of her few hours' betrothal to Keuneth, and so he would be spared the pain of public commiseration at her desertion.

She spent the whole of the day in her own room, pleading a headache as an excuse for remaining there.

Late in the afternoon a letter was brought up to her which proved to be from Kenneth. was short and to the point; but it was clear, from the blotted and blurred appearance of the writing, that the young man had indited it under

the influence of profound agitation.

"I have just seen my uncle," it began, "and he tells me that you refuse to face poverty with me. He says that he had it from your own lips that under present circumstances you would break off your engagement. I will not believe that you could be thus false unless you yourself tell me so. I still trust you. I still think you care for me for my own sake, and not for the sake of the wretched money my uncle may or may not leave me. He says that he thesetened may not leave me. He says that he threatened to disinherit me if you married me, and, in con-sequence of that, you promised him to give me up. I do not know what to believe. He is, I think, incapable of telling me a lie, and, on the other hand, I believe you incapable of basing your love on mercenary considerations such as these. Let me see you, Lenore—let me have the assurance that there is some horrible mistake, and that in spite of everything, you will be true to

me even as I am true to you.-Kenneth. Lenore read the note over and over again. She pressed it passionately to her lips, she let blinding tears fall upon it.

The temptation to rush downstairs and throw herself into his arms, tossing every scruple to the four winds of Heaven, was a powerful one, but

For his sake she would be strong; people should never point to his wife as the daughter of a murderess

She waited a little while until she grew calmer, then she answered his letter.

"Fate is against us," she wrote, "and all we can do is to bow to it. I give you back all your yows, and I recall my own. We can never be anything to each other, and I am sorry we ever met. Grod-bye, Kenneth. Think of me as kindly as you can.—L. F."

It was an unsatisfactory little note she told herself, but she was too heart-broken to write it over again, and having despatched it, she sat down in her old place at the window trying to form some sort of plans for the future. She determined to leave the Court secretly

that night, and leave a letter for Lady Newlyn, explaining that circumstances had arisen which made it impossible for her to remain there.

Above all things, she shrank from telling Lady Newlyn what those circumstances were. She would catch the night mail for London,

and when she was settled in some apartments there, she would send for her luggage to be forwarded on to her.

Poor Lenore counted out the money in her purse. She had over twenty-five pounds—quite

enough to keep her in lodgings for a few weeks, until she could find some employment in London. Of the difficulty of getting employment in London she did not pause to think. As we know she had seen nothing of the world, so she knew very little of its hardships, its evils, and its manifold temptations.

Never had a day seemed so long to her. Every minute dragged out into double its ordinary length. In the afternoon she heard the sound of horses hoofs, and knew that Kenneth and his Uncle were leaving the Court. How eagerly she listened until the last echo of their horses' footsteps had died away into

It was well for her that she could not see into Kenneth's heart, and read there the bitter misery which the young man suffered under her desertion. He told himself that he had been willing to give up wealth, position—everything, in fact, for her, and she had not the courage to accept poverty with him. Well, he had heard that all women were heartless and cruel, and now he believed it. He would never trust one again.

At length darkness fell, and Lenore began wearily putting a few things together in a hand-bag. She had not been troubled with many inquiries during the day, for Lady Newlyn's headache had got worse, and she had gone to bed. Her maid had come to Lenore once or twice, but no one else had apparently remembered the young girl's existence

The train left Newlyn for London at midnight, and it did not arrive at Paddington until five o'clock in the morning. The Court was only about ten or fifteen minutes' walk from the station, so Lenore waited until half-past eleven before she stole gently downstairs, and let herself out of a little side door. Very early hours were kept at Newlyn, except when visitors were in the house, and to night everybody seemed to be in bed, although half-past eleven had only just struck.

Lenore walked swiftly through the shubbery, and down the long avenue of limes which led to the high road. She felt wretchedly forlorn and sorrow-stricken, going cut again into the wide world, unprotected against its evil, and leaving behind her the one great love of her life. A sob rose to her lips, and she paused for a moment to look back on the Court.

The outlines of the house loomed up vast and dark against the sky. As far as Lenore could see, it was unilluminated by one single light. And yet, even as she looked, a long dart flame shot out from the ivy-covered south wing. It was followed by another, and another, until a deep, red glow shone through one of the windows, growing larger and larger every

Lenore's bag fell from her hand, and a minute later she was rushing wildly up the avenue, towards the house, thinking of nothing but the peril of its inmates. She had at once comprehended the meaning of that sinister crimson the Court was on fire; and, unless the sleeping household could be aroused without delay, they were all doomed to a horrible death.

Faster and faster she ran, a dozen schemes for awakening the men-servants flashing through her brain. At last she reached the terrace, and then she tried to get into the house by the little sidedoor through which she had left it ten minutes earlier. But alas! the latch had fallen down, and she was shut out as securely as if by bolts and

Suddenly she bethought herself of the fire bell out in the stable yard. She had never been in the outbuildings, but she knew their whereabouts, and she sumbled towards them in the darkness, praying Heaven that she might not go wrong. A few minutes afterwards the great bell clanged out its message, its tones vibrating shrilly on the still air, which cavried its dread message through the neighbourhood.

Then Lenore came back to the house, and made her way round to the ivy-covered south wing, which she had never once entered during her stay at the Court. The fire was spreading rapidly, —as well it might, for the greater part of that portion of the building was of wood. Standing

a little way off, Lenore shaded her eyes from the blaze, and looked up, and then she saw a sight that almost turned her sick with horror.

At one of the windows was a woman, a wildlooking figure, dressed in white, and with a quantity of jet black hair tumbled in elfin locks over her shoulders. In her hand she held a long wax taper, such as is generally used for lighting gas, and with this taper she was deliberately setting fire to the curtains, dancing about the while with fiendish glee that was perfectly horrible to witness.

Her position was a very perilous one too, for the rooms on either side of her were now on fire, and as Lenore was quick to observe, escape was apparently cut off. Who the woman could be, Lenore could not guess. She was certainly not one of the servants.

By this time, the bell had alarmed most of the inmates of the house, and they were all rushing from the Court in various states of undress. Lady Newlyn herself appeared at one of the windows, seemingly half-distracted, wring-ing her hands pitifully, while she called out to those below to come to her aid. Leuore at once

"Go down the great staircase, Lady Newlyn," she cried, unable to understand her signs of distress, seeing that at the present moment she was not in the least danger. "The fire has not yet got any further than the south wing, and you

can leave the house in perfect safety."

"I know it, I know it—" was the reply. "It is not for myself I fear, but for my poor daughter, who is in the south wing. Get someone to procure a ladder and rescue her through the window, for it is impossible to reach her room by I have tried, but I was driven the corridor. I he back by the flames.

Intensely mystified by this speech, Lenore looked round to see if there was any man at hand who would come to her assistance. She could not see one-in effect the women servants were busy carting out their belongings, now that they saw they would be in no danger from the fire rushed to the manual engine which was kept in one of the outbuildings, and which they were getting ready to play upon the flames.

The weird figure with the flying hair and white

dress was still at the window, but she had thrown away the taper, and seemed at last to partly realize her position, for instead of dancing insanely about as she had done before, she now stood quite still, as if dazed, while the flames spread rapidly on either side of her, throwing a

urid crimson glow on her sharp, white features.

The only person in sight was Gertrude Newlyn, who, wrapped in a fur cloak, had flown downstairs and out on the terrace in a panic of terror as the wild cry of "Fire!" woke the echoes of

Her panic had somewhat abated now that she saw the flames were confined to the south wing, and she had time to remember that various jewels were in her dressing-room. She resolved to go back and fetch them.

to go back and retch them.

At this moment Lenore called to her.

"Come and help me with the ladder, Miss Newlyn!" the young girl cried, peremptorily.

"I want to rear it against that window over there to save a poor woman's life, and I am not strong enough to do it alone.

Gertrude cast one rapid glance at the window indicated, then looked towards her own dressingroom, and decided in favour of her jewels.

"You must get someone else to assist you," she called back, "I want to go into the house again," and she ran hastily across the terrace, and through the great oak door, which had been flung widely open.

nung widely open.

Lenore glanced round in despair. She had caught sight of a ladder, lying flat on one of the paths, but it was too heavy for her to raise it by herself. However, she determined to make an attempt—she could not remain quiescent while a fellow creature's life was at stake. In spite of her slander, frame and small knows about the country of the coun her slender frame and small bones, she was tolerably strong, and she made desperate efforts to rear the ladder against the wall of the south wing, but without success. At last, just as she was giving up in despair, she saw Lady Newlyn

coming towards her, and, by her aid, it was at length set up against the wall. Alas! it did not

length set up against the wall. Alas! It did not reach within five or six feet of the window! "Never mind," said Lenore, encouragingly, as she saw the strained look of anguish on Lady Newlyn's white face. "I will take a piece of rope up with me, and by its help, I think we shall be able to get the poor creature safely down.

"You are a brave girl—Heaven reward you!"
murmured the poor old lady, tremulously. Then
she added, "You must be firm with Elsie, it see added, "You must be firm with kiste, it does not do to ask her to do as you wish, you must use authority and command her to do it. I think she will obey you, for she seems very frightened."

Frightened indeed she was, as Lenore saw when she had mounted the ladder to the topmost rung, she had mounted the ladder to the expinors rang, and caught hold of a great branch of ivy by which to steady herself. Her own position was no enviable one. The flames seemed horribly near to her, their hot breath scorched her brow, and clouds of fiery sparks were blown hither and thither through the air.

Holding on to the ivy branch with her left hand, she used the right for tossing up the one

end of the rope she carried.

"Fasten it on to the end of the bedstead," she "Fasten it on to the end or the becatead, ene exclaimed, bearing in mind Lady Newlyn's warning, and speaking with trenchant authority. "Then let yourself down, until your feet feel the rungs of the ladder. Do you understand?"

Elsie nodded assentingly, and proceeded to do as she was bidden, but her hands were trembling and awkward, and the flames came nearer and nearer. Their roar sounded in Lenore's ears like the thunder of waves on the seashore. The heat was intense. Her brain whirled, her eyes seemed to grow dim and blind. She doubted whether she would have strength to remain in

"Your life depends on your speed."

The wretched creature sank down on her knees,

and threw up her hands helplessly.
"I can't!" she cried, pitcously; "the knots come undone as fast as I tie them."

Lenore set her teeth firmly together, measured the distance, and, by the aid of the ivy boughs, swung herself up to the window-sill and into the room. Here the air was blinding with the heat and the smoke which forced itself in from both sides. In a few minutes the flames would

assuredly burst in, and then hope would be over. With frantic haste Lenere made the knots firm, then thrust the rope into her companion's

"Let yourself down. There is no danger, I claimed, dragging Elsie to her feet and helping her up to the window-sill. "There, now loose my arm, and hang on the rope with one hand and the ivy with the other, until your feet touch the ladder." the ladder.

But Elsie had got beyond obeying instructions. She was literally paralysed with fear, and, in a sudden paroxysm, threw down the rope, and flung her arms round Lenore's neck.

"I can't do anything," she whispered, hoarsely, "all my strength has gone from me.

The two women were standing together on the window-sill, and a horrified cry went up from Lady Newlyn and the others who had gathered round her by this time, for, seen from below, the two slender figures looked as though they were absolutely enveloped in flames.

Above, below, on either side, the long, hungry tongues of fire shot out, while higher up rose the dense volume of black smoke, riddled here and there with brilliant fiery sparks.

Lenore's strength gave way. She felt the impossibility of struggling any longer, while those encircling arms clung to her with the frantic clasp of desperation. She could not loosen them, and Elsie was already in an almost fainting condition and utterly incapable of listening to

A moment the two swayed backwards, then Lenore knew she was falling! After that all was blank.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN full consciousness returned to Lenore she was lying in her own pretty room at the Court, while the morning sun forced its way in golden shafts through the lowered blinds, and gotten anatts through the lowered binds, and the air was soft and cool, and fragrant with the breath of roses. A tell, stately figure was stand-ing by the bedside, and Lady Newlyn, her voice very low and tender, said gently,—

"Is your head quite clear now, my dear?"

Lenore answered in the affirmative, and the old lady continued, in the same tone,—

"Then lie quite still, and try only to think of the pleasantest things. The doctor will be here presently. I must leave you for a little while, but Evans will remain with you during my absence.

Evans was her maid, and Evans seemed as if she could not do enough for the patient, whom she petted and coddled like a spoilt child.

Suddenly Lenore put her hand to her head.

"Why, I have bandages on!" she exclaimed.

"Of course you have, Miss," Evans responded,

"and a mercy it is your poor head wasn't cracked
in two, instead of being only bruised."

"But what has have read to rea?"

"But what has happened to me?"

"Can't you remember that poor mad creature dragging you down?" said the maid, in surprise.

"We all thought you would both be killed, but, just as Providence would have it, you fell on the garden bed instead of the gravel, and you were uppermost of the two, so you didn't get the worst injuries, Poor Miss Elsie is alive, but

worst injuries. Poor Miss Elsie is alive, but that's all you can say. I don't think the doctor gives much hope of her."

Lenore closed her eyes. She had become con-scious of a dull, throbbing pain in her temples, and trying to think seemed to make it worse.

Before very long, the doctor came in, followed by Lady Nawlyn, and strictly enjained the ut-

by Lady Newlyn, and strictly enjoined the utmost quiet, which Lady Newlyn promised she

would do her best to procure for the patient. So, for many days, Lenore still lay in the sun-lit, rose-scented room, with the bandages round her head, while a great quiet lay over the house and Lady Newlyn, her face very white and sorrowful, moved about with velvet footsteps.

The young girl obeyed orders dutifully enough for the most part, but one question she put to her hostess.

"Was the fire soon extinguished?"
"Very soon indeed. The main part of the
Court is uninjured. The south wing is the only
portion of the building that is much damaged."
"And your daughter?"

"My daughter is beyond human help," Lady Newlyn replied, with a tearless sob in her voice.

It is better so.

At last the day came when the bandages were At last the cusy came when the bandages were removed from Lenore's brow, and she was allowed to get up and go into the sitting room. Lady Newlyn herself supported her on one side—for she was still extremely weak, and looked curiously like a tall white hily bent by a storm, as she seated herself in the arm-chair, with its many downy cushions, which had been pulled up close to the window for her. By its side was a table holding a silver tray, on which were some velvercheeked peaches, a small bottle of champagne, and

"Mr. Kenneth Seymour sent the roses," said Lady Newlyn. "Ever since he heard of your Lady Newlyn. "Ever since he heard of your accident he has been over every day to inquire

how you were progressing.

A lovely blush rose to the young girl's face—flooding even neck and brow. Her companion was not unmindful of it, though she made no remark concerning it.

"Come, you must drink a glass of champagne, and eat a peach," she said, gently, "I want you to fortify yourself against a possible shock, for I have many things to say to you this morning, and they will require all your nerve to hear quietly. There "—as she shook the cushions quietly. There "-as she shows afresh-" are you quite comfortable ?"

"Quite," Lenore answered, with a dewy smile, and a little tremulous movement of her sensitive mouth. "How good you are to me! I shall never be able to repay you."

(Continued on page 452.)

A BRAVE HEART.

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CHAPTER XXI.

Ar the very earliest opportunity and as quietly as possible, Justina had slipped away from the rehearsal after that brief, but most painful episode of Leam Greaterex's attack upon her, and hastily putting on her cloak and drawing her veil closely about her face, she had hastened from the house into the open air, having but one great desire upon her, and that, to put as much distance as possible between herself and that cold, hard woman, who had insulted her so gratuitously, and could not but be regarded henceforth as a determined and bitter enemy.

Her departure was made so quietly that no one saw her go. She had chosen a good moment; everybody was clamouring about the professional folk who had charge of the costumes for the theatricals, and for a little while, at least, Justina's services would not be required.

Justina's services would not be required.

She hardly knew, poor girl, how she got away with so much ease, or how she had borne that disagreeable moment with so much composure. As she hurried through the grounds, going, she hardly knew where, in her agitation and pained feeling, she was conscious all at once of a great weariness—a weariness that weighed her limbs and took out of her heart and spirit all that unconscious hope that is hidden even in the

thoughts of the most unhappy of mortals.

The benefit she had derived from the excitement and bustle of the theatricals evaporated entirely in this moment. When she had reached a seat at some little distance from the house, Justina sank on to it, heedless of the chill, damp touch of the air, and seeing in the bare, desolate trees a likeness to her own marred and sorrowful

She had not known until this moment how cruelly Leam's rudeness had hurt her. She was so sensitive, so keenly alive to the painful and invidious position in which her husband's conduct had placed her, that, as we have seen, she was always more on less on her guard against all the world, except, indeed, those two who had proved themselves so infinitely dear and precious to her, with Leam Greaterex in particular. Justina was always a little nervous; she had divined instantly at the very first, that she was disliked and misjudged by this proud, hard young woman, and as time had gone on, her woman's delicate intuition had furnished her with the real reason of Leam's dislike to her.

As soon as Basil's secret had been manifested to her so very, very sweet, yet so bitter in its sweetness, Justina had felt assured that Leam Graterex's dislike would develop speedily into a stronger and more lasting form. A rivalry, all unsought by Justina, was started between herself and Miss Greaterex, and she knew enough of Leam's nature and prejudices to be certain that no matter how quiet and simply she might act; how much she might withdraw herself from Basil Fothergill's path, she would still be credited by Leam with the meanest and most unworthy motives.

The excitement of the theatricals had given Justina's mind a little ease on this score, because she had not had time to think about it just as her aversion to a fear of St. Leger had faded and grown less from the same cause, but as she sat here alone with the chill wind rushing round her, all the old trouble reasserted itself and the old determination to send herself adrift from the haven of friendship and sympathy she cherished so much, came back upon her with convincing

force.
"I must go!" she said to herself, the hot tears springing to her eyes. "I was wrong to tears springing to do what I have done. let myself be persuaded to do what I have done. My place is not here. Hard and cruel as that woman is, she is just in her anger against me-I am robbing her of something that would have been her's perhaps, if I had never come-I am standing in her path-I-I-am spoiling his life too, as well as her's. I have done wrong-I ought to have gone away—I ought to have been firmer. What use is there in delay

must go some day-the sooner the better-and perhaps, perhaps-he will forget a little and find his happir ess with one who is free a little and find his happiness with one who is free to be loved—free to give him her love in return. Yes—I have done wrong—I must not continue

to do so-I will go away.

She had to bite her lip hard to stop the quiver that would come. The tears rolled down her face beneath her thick veil-she made no effort

to stop them.

I must go," she said to herself, in a dull way, "not just for the moment-not immediatelywould hurt Molly. She would misunderstand-she would think it was because of this thingshe would try to persuade me-she would quarrel with Leam Greaterex. All this I must avoid-I will wait till the theatricals are over-I must go through with them now as best I can, and then, afterwards-

She pressed her clasped hands against her

breast

"Atterwards," she said in a whisper, "it will be good-bye to you, dear friend, dear love; goodbye to all that makes life itself for me - good bye

- for ever-Basil."

She shivered as she said the words. It was not the touch of the cold wind that brought that shiver, it was the death-like misery and The very thought of desolation in her heart. what life would mean for her now, bereft of Molly's bright, sunshiny presence, bereft of that silent, ineffably sweet sympathy expressed in Basil's tender care, was almost impossible, yet she would have to face it; she would have to find courage and strength to help her to carry out her duty which now stood before her clear and inexorable.

She did not know how long she had sat there till the stable clock, chiming an hour, awoke her from the misery of her thoughts. She rose quickly. She would be wanted. Molly, no doubt, was in great distress about her; she did not need words to tell her of the indignation and not need words to tell her of the indepation and pain that Leam's attack would have sent into the hearts of Molly and of Basil. Since she had decided to go through with the work of the moment, she desired most carnestly to spare both these dear ones the very smallest anxiety

about her.

I must make some excuse," she said to her-"I must not let Molly imagine I was very much hurt-she will know it did hurt me a little, of course, but I don't want to trouble her about it. I will get back quickly, and perhaps she will not notice I have been out of the house.

She stood for a moment to gather up her strength before starting. Her limbs were a little stiff and chilled with sitting and her head was Had she consulted her own inclination, she would have gone direct to her small home that had an added sense of comfort and of peace, now that she realised she must go from it so soon, but her thought for Molly restrained her, and she put aside her own feelings to go back and take up the task she had begun and carried out so far with such succes

She gave a big sigh as she turned her face towards the house, and started to walk at fleetly as she could. She had not made very much prograss before the sound of footsteps brought her unconsciously to a standstill. Sameone walking after her, and as she looked round she heard her name called. It was the man St.

Leger who was following her.

Justina's face expressed the surprise and dislike she felt at sight of him. It was the very first time she had found herself alone in his company since his arrival at Croomehurst. He saw this objection instantly, and marked it down

in the long score he had against her.
"I have come in search of you, Mrs. Seaton," he said, with a good show of courtesy. you leave the house, and I was afraid you were naturally upset by the very unjustifiable treatment you received this morning, I hoped, perhaps, you would permit me to express my indignation and regret at what occurred !"

Justina bowed her head,

"You are very kind," she said, with great coldness in her voice. All the old doubt and misrust of this man had been aroused within her, during her long silent communion with herself,

and now that he was addressing her directly and alone for the first time, these doubts were made stronger. She recalled all the past trouble he had brought upon her. She shrank from him so openly he could not fail to see it had he been a much duller individual than he was.

"I am sorry I cannot return such a compliment, Mrs. Seaton," he said, calmly, and with half a smile, "for you are certainly not at all kind to me. You avoid me as though I were something very disagrecable. I wish you would be frank with me and tell me why you find it imperative to treat me in this way.

Justina paused an instant before replying. "I should imagine," she said, more coldly still when she did speak, "that such a question from

you to me is more than unnecessary.

He laughed slightly.

"My dear Mrs. Seaton, I see you are still harbouring all the old doubts and prejudices against me. I had hoped that the explanation I found myself compelled to make to Lord Dunchester and Sir Basil Fothergill through your accusations against me the very night of my arrival here, would have been more than sufficient to satisfy you, as it has undoubtedly satisfied those two gentlemen. I grant you, circumstances have been such as to projudice you against all those who, unfortunately for themselves, were called friend by Rupert Seaton in the past; but though this is so, and you have my very deepest commiseration for the shocking trouble you have had to bear, you should, nevertheless, be just in your sorrow. Give blame where blame is due, Mrs. Seaton; do not scatter it around you promiscuously as you are now doing.

Justina drew herself up proudly.

"I cannot permit myself to listen any further to you, Mr. Aynesworth or St. Leger, or whatever name you chose to give yourself. Prejudice in my case does not consist so far as my objection to you is concerned. I know I am doing you no wrong, and that the accusation I brought against you is justifiable in every sense of the word. I have had no great cause to believe in Rupert's truthfulness in most things, but in this I do believe he spoke the absolute truth, when he confessed that you, and you alone were the inventor and instigator of that last shameful act by which my friend was robbed, and I was dishonoured. You cannot look me in the face and persist in your denial, "the girl cried with something like your demai, the girt creat visual and right; you know as well as I do that bad, weak, dishonourable as my husband, alas I is, he would never have had the courage or the energy to plan and carry out this piece of villany without a confederate to help him at every turn. Whatever success you may have had in explaining things away with Lord Dunchester and Sir Basil, you have had none with me, and this will give you the reason you ask for 'my avoldance of you and my objection to your presence here." She turned from him and began to walk on, trembling a little from anger and excitement.

He seemed to find no offence in her words; instead, he gave another little laugh, and placing himself beside her, started to walk back to the

"I am afraid I shall have a very hard task ever to uproot all your feelings against me, Mrs. Scaton," he said, in a good humoured sort of way, "nevertheless I shall not renounce all intention of trying to win a better and more just opinion from you. My position is certainly a hard one, for unfortunately I have no proof, save my own word, to produce in testimony to my innocence of the offence which you urge so strongly against me. You wrong me, indeed you do, just as you wronged me in the past, when you imagined I was leading your husband into the worst sort of follies and vices. I have not been a saint, that I rollies and vices. I have not been a sant, that I readily admit; nor was I the wisest and most strait-laced sort of individual in those days when I first met you, but—" here Mr. St. Leger paused effectively—"well, wild as I was and foolish, too, I soon found there were others far along of main country." ahead of me in such things, and Rupert Seaton was out and out the worst of all. You don't know how I pitied you, Mrs. Seaton, on my word

Justina winced and drew a little away from bim, but he went on unconcernedly :

"I know, though you could have no very great belief in your husband's virtue, it would be absolutely impossible for you to realise what sort of man he was, and you see after events have proved conclusively how right I was! You were deceived on every hand by that man, and instead of being the indolent coward you imagined him, he was the quickest and mest ubiquifous securified it has ever been my tot to meet. I amonly waiting for the day when I can dome across him, and have a reckoning with him, for the dastardly use he has made of my name. He was clever enough to drag a man in who was safely out of the way, and therefore unable to defend himself. Why, perhaps you do not know, Mrs. Scaton, that at the very moment I am credited by you with being your husband's accomplice, I was on the middle of the Atlantic ocean, having been summoned to San Francisco by the dying cousin whose estates and name I have inherited:

Here Mr. St. Leger made another pause, his face was very grave and quet, but had a very smart person been near at hand to watch the expression in his eyes, it is possible there would have been a doubt for his carnestness and

"I wish you would try and believe me, Mrs. Seaton," he said, when he broke the silence again and there was a sort of wistfulness in his voice that went straight to Justina's heart. Herdovely face flushed and then paled. She hesitated

only a momenty and then put out her hand.
"I will try to do so," sho said, not very steadily, "and if if I have judged you wrongly,

I ask you to forgive me."

The man took her hand and pressed it

warehly.

Please say no more, Mrs. Seaton ; I cannot bear that you should distress yourself. I am your friend, indeed, I am ; I would have been your friend long ago, but I had not the presumption to dare to approach you would make med shulk asaint in your hard-working life, and I was need do well, a loafer, a fool. How could such an one hope to gain your firendship. I am a changed man now, however, and perhaps in time you will try and have a kinder thought of me. At any rate, you will try and believe I am innocent of the wrong that has been done against you and against your friend, and now that you know I have no connection, no intercourse with Raport Senton, and that our acquaintance ceased many a month ago now, you may, perhaps, find it easier to grant me justice, even if you can never give me your friendship."

He held her hand a moment longer and then

dropped it.

"Here is Miss Fothergill coming ; she is bent evidently on the same errand as myself. I will leave you, Mrs. Seaton, and I will thank you most truly, most carnestly, foryour kind promise. You have made me very happy, and have taken away the only cloud has that dimmed the pleasure my visit here.

With a smile and a bew, he turned into another pathway, leaving Justina unsettled, moved and misorable. Somehow sho could not yet quite believe in this man, and yet his words. and voice had appealed to her justice, to her heart, and she was led against herself to give

credence to his statement. Though she was glad out of here womanliness and generous nature to think better of him; she could not fail to be made more miserable herself in so doing. For his exeneration was a further denunciation of Rupert's evil doing, a further burden of shame on her shoulders.

She was so plunged in her troubled thoughts, she did notice how pale and excited Molly's face looked as she advanced hurriedly towards her. Mr. St. Leger, from a distant pathway, was more

observant. "It has begun to work well," he said, with a smile, and taking out a elgarette, he lit it and put it between his lips, "and my words have not ome a bit too soon. Above all things, she must not imagine for an instant that I have even a shadow of an idea where her precious husband is and has been all this time. I have managed to break the crust of her prejudice; by Jove, non

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too easy a task when she turns those big, pure eyes upon one, it is difficult even for me, old hand as I am, to stick to the lies I have to tell. No sort of doubt, however," he continued, as he watched Molly put her arm through Justina's and begin to speak in a hurried, eager way, "1 kind of doubt to be feared there. there is a great satisfaction in dealing with straightforward, honest people; one knows to the eighth of an inch what they will and will not do, not but what this last move has been clever enough," he mused, with a look of satisfaction spreading over his face, as having watched the two girls out of sight, he turned and sauntered along, thinking deeply. "todeceivesomeone much sharper than Baul Fothergill and his sister. I feel sharper than Havil Fothergill and his sister. I feel rather proud of the work; it all fits in so neatly, and if that vicious feel desails try to spell it by some one or another of his confounded tricks, there ought to be a sing and certain income out of this for the pair of us. It is a bit hard to have to share it with Saston; I hate the fellow with his ineffable conceit and cunning, but, with a shrug of his shoulders, "as there would have been no chance of succeeding in this plant without him, I must put up, with him as best I am, and keep a share eye of my gentleman to see and keep a sharp eye on my gentleman to see that he doesn't try to do me in some way. By Gad! but he is a skunk, is Rupert Seaton. I am not very clean handed myself, but I think I am a bit better than he."

And here the man paused and looked backwards in the direction that Justina and Molly

wards in the direction that Justina and Molly had taken, and there came a curious soft and troubled expression over his face.

"If I had had his luck—if such a woman as that had come into my life!"
He stood silent, lost, at it were, in a train of thought, that was strange to him, then, with a sort of half laugh and half sigh, and with a shrug of his shoulders he tunned sharmer as his heal. of his shoulders, he turned sharply on his heel, and putting his cigarette once again between his teeth, sauntered down the pathway till he had reached the general avenue, from whence he turned again, and, quickening his steps, made his way to the house and to the business of the

CHAPTER XXII.

LEAM GREATOREX, despite the hauteur and seeming indifference with which she had received Molly's rebuke and her few after words of explanation, was consumed with a fire of hot anger of fierce hatred, of fiercer jealousy for the girl whom, she had attacked so directly and with such

deliberate cruelty. Queenlike as she was in a certain sense with the people among whom she lived, and well used as they were to her proud, unsympathetic bearing, Learn was quick to see now that despite her high place, and the sort of awe, she generally managed to infuse about her, she had made a very false move by her last expression of open

dislike to Justina.

As the reheaval, came to an end, and the groups of young people melted away in the direction of the dining room, where a dainty luncheon was being served. Learn withdrew into a quiet corner and gave herself up to the contemplation of her own, thoughts and of the events just passed.

At first she had intended to leave the house and go home, but after this thought bad come, the dismissed it proudly; to do that was to acknowledge a sort of defeat of humiliation. which she could not endure for an instant, however disagreeable it might be, she deter-mined to remain on throughout the rest of the rehearsal.

She knew that Molly, once her anger had gone, would endeavour hy a hundred sweet little ways to efface the impression of the painful episode her miserable jealousy had brought about. Justina also, she knew, would not show the very faintest change in manner or bearing, all of which, though it made her sullen anger the greater, induced Leam however to see that by, remaining she would be doing the best and plea-santest thing for all concarned and chiefly for

She had no desire to have a quarrel with Molly, her whole aim now was to become more and more intimate at Croome Hall-the veil of vagueness had been torn from her plans for the future, and her ambition stood out clear and definite before her.

By every means, by every art in her power, by subtlety and trickery, if not by fair and open means, she was determined on winning Basil means, she was determined on winning Basil. Fothergill for her husband. She knew the game was almost a hopeless one, she knew—how well, how bitterly she knew this !—that so far as she was concerned, Basil would not really care if he never saw her again. She knew that she stood absolutely in the background, and she knew to its fullest extent, the power, the strength, the intensity of the love that filled his heart for this, other gift this greature whom she hat d. so.

other girl, this creature whom she hated so, earnestly, so figreely.

"Yet, despite all this—despite the tremendous, odds against her, Learn Greatorex had set her teeth, had clenched her hands as it were, and had set her foot determinedly on the pathway that was to lead her to the goal on which her

proud, tempestuous heart was set. Having this ambition in view it was, they it, a most foolish act meast earstaily to have attacked Justina in the wanten and open manner she had used just now. She had lost, and she knew this also, a good portion of the hold she bad had on Basil Fothergill's respect. and liking, she had seen the look that had swept defenceless as it were, beneath her bitter and unwomanly words.

Molly had spoken out her rebuke unhesita-tingly, Sir Basil had said nothing, but Leam had felt the reproach of his silence, far, far more than Molly's quick spoken condemnation, The glance his eyes had sent to the lovely delicate creature on the platform who had winced and blanched beneath her insult had gone through Leam Greatorex's heart, like a sharp knife, had given her a twofold pain—the pain of knowing given her a twofold pain—the pain of knowing this man despised her, and the other pain of realizing she deserved his contempt absolutely. She had been so plunged in the mortification of these thoughts she had hardly remarked when Basil had left her. A servant had come in search of him, and he had gone out of the room, and afterwards the reheareal had ended and Lean had betaken herself, as before said, to a secluded corner, there to sort out and digest as best she could the reflections, miscrable enough, that remained to her from the events of the moment, before she was left absolutely alone.

Not even her faithful adherent Bee Somerset

came in search of her.

Bee had been, in fact, terribly shocked and hurt by Leam's unkindness to Justina. Gentle and tender-hearted herself to the last degree, she could as easily have tried to commit a murder as to give another such wanton and unnecessary pain as Leam had most certainly given to Justina

to Justina.

The affair left such a lasting impression on the girl that she went in to luncheon wearing, for almost the first time in her young life, a silent, unsmiling expression and a look of something like suffering in her pretty innocent eyes.

Dr. Wyllie, who made a point of popping in at least once a day at Croome Hall, o-tensibly to see how matters were progressing, in reality to have a moment's speech with the fair, laughing little creature who made the sun of life for him, was immediately concerned and alarmed even at was immediately concerned and alarmed even at this change in his heart's darling.

He made his way instantly to her side, looking pleasant, manly picture in his rough riding-ress, and under pretext of serving Bee with

dress, and under pretext of serving bee with some luncheon, speedily drew from the girl the reason of her silence and depression.

Bee was only too glad to open her heart to him. She had a reverence for his wisdom only too she had love for his nature. It was as great as she had love for his nature. It was a relief to speak out all she felt, and Dr. Wyllie, as he listened, understood at once that the episode Bee repeated was likely to have far more bitter and unhappy results than to drive the smile from his little love's face. He had seen, from the very first, that Leam had set the full force of her strong autocratic nature against this fair and unhappy young creature who had come to Croome Hall

Dr. Wyllia had little admiration for Miss Greaterex, and he had absolutely no liking. He always feared that she might influence Bee in some way against him, and, for all his honourable intentions and desires, to stand aside and let the girl be free to give herself to a younger and a richer man than himself. The thought of losing even a shadow of the hold he had on Bee's loving respect was like death itself to him, and the respect was like death itself to him, and the fear, that came sometimes when he saw how strong Leam's influence was over Bee was not unfrencht with pain too. He had, however, strong Leam's influence was over Bee was not unfraught with pain too. He had, however, never spoken a word to separate the friends; he felt always that a moment would come sooner or later when Bee would lose at least a portion of her inflatuation for Leam Greaterex, and as he sat listening to the story Bee had to tell of the events of the morning just passed, Jasper Wyllie said, to himself that this moment had indeed arrived, and that despite all her youth and innecence. Bee Somerset would never be able to give. Leam the admiration she had bestowed so long for see intifully.

"It was so cruel," Bee said, wistfully, as she went over the whole story. "Poor Mrs. Seaton! My heart ached for her. Jasper, you know how event and kind and gentle and delicate she is I How, could Leam call her vulgar? It was so wrong—so very, very, wrong! I never thought Leam could have been so unkind, so unjust! I now she is proud, but still—"

"There are many depths in Miss Greaterex's mature that a little bird like you could never lation or comprehend," Dr. Wyllie said, tenderly, his face flushing a little with delight at the sound of his name prenounced so sweetly and so unconsciously by her lips. "She is a very complex character, Miss Bee."

"Is she! Well, if being so unkind and harsh means having a complex character I am very glad mine is a simple one. Have you seen Mrs. Seaton anywhere as you came in? I wanted so much to speak to her. Oh! of course I should say nothing about the matter, only I wanted her to feel! was sympathetic and sorry for her; she is so sweet and so clever! Just think what she

say nothing about the matter, only I wanted her to feel I was sympathetic and sorry for her; she is so sweet and so clever! Just think what she has done, and all the time she is working away at her own writings. I call it marvellous. I don't understand how Leam can dislike her; it seems to me impossible to do anything but admire and love her. I am sure Leam is the only one who love her. I a does not do so.

In fact, little Bee could not get over the pain and surprise her friend's action had caused her ; and Dr. Wyllie found it almost a hard matter to soothe and comfort the girl.

It all seems spoilt, somehow," Bee said, with gh. "The rehearsals were going so well, and everything was so jolly and nice, and now—there seems a cloud over all. For instance, neither Molly nor Sir Basil are at luncheon to-day, and goodness knows where poor Mrs. Seaton has gone. I have not seen Leam, either. I rather hope she has gone home. Oh! here is Mr. St. Leger," and Bee brightened up instantly, not a little to Dr. Wyllie's dismay. "That is better, Mr. St. Dr. Wyllie's dismay. "That is better, Mr. St. Leger. Please come and sit here. I want to ask you about my song. Lord Dunchester said you thought I ought to sing it in another key. Oh! are you going, Dr. Wyllie? Well, good-bye. It you see my daddy tell him I am quite well. He always imagines if I am an hour out of his sight something must be happening to me. Good-bye," and then Bee, catching a glimpse of her beloved friend's face as he was moving away, jumped up hastily, and put her hand into his. "Good-bye, wat thank you." she whispered, in a nashy and put her hand into his. "Good-tye, and thank you—thank you," she whi-pered, in a pretty, shy way. "I feel ever so much better since I have seen you; you always do me good." Jasper Wyllie smiled into the pretty face, and then he took himself to the hall thence to make

his way out to the entrance where his horse waiting. As he was just about to mount, Molly

made her appearance.

"Oh!Dr. Wyllie, you are the very person of all others I want most at this moment. Are you in a great hurry, no! Then please come in here. I want you to prescribe something for Mrs. Scaton, She has had a great shock, and seems quite ill You know how delicate she is."

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JUSTINA WITH A DEEP SIGH TURNED TOWARDS THE HOUSE, BUT STOFFED UNCONSCIOUSLY AT THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS !

There was an excitement - a glow about Molly's face that was something unlike her usual ex-

Dr. Wyllie followed her into the library, not mystified, however, for he imagined naturally he had had the clue given to him in his conversation with Bee just before. Justina was sitting by the table, her head supp rted on her hand. Her face was ashen pale, and her eyes were fixed on an open paper, spread on the table before her. A little way off Sir Basil sat at another table

writing, and a woman of unmistakably humble origin was standing beside him giving him directions.

"Justina, here is Dr. Wyllie. He will, I know tell me I am perfectly right when I say you are not fit to travel a mile; much less attempt to get

to London and cross the Channel to-night." Molly put her hand affectionately on Justina's

shoulder as she spoke.

The girl moved feebly and answered without

looking up, however,-

"I must." Molly dear, I must." Molly looked at Dr. Wyllie. He instantly understood the meaning of her glance, and he also eaw instantly that more was at work now than the trouble Bee had told him of. He felt that thrill that comes to all sympathetic natures when they find themselves present at some great moment in the life of another. That this was a great—a sad moment to Justina Seaton, he knew without the need of words to tell him so. He put his fingers on Justina's slender wrist, and his face

grew grave. "Indeed! I must support your decision, Miss Fothergill. Mrs. Seaton is in, absolutely, no condition to travel. I will not answer for the condition to travel. I will not answer for the consequences if she insists upon doing so foolish an act. I trust, Mrs. Seaton, you will allow me to persuade you to abandon the idea immediately. Your strength is still very limited, and from the beat of your pulse at this present moment I should much prefer to know you were resting quietly in bed to doing anything even of the most moderate degree

of fatigue.

Basil had risen as Dr. Wyllie was speaking.
"You will renounce the idea of going, Justina,"
he said, in a low voice, that yet had a note in it that the doctor's keen ear instantly caught as being new in sound. "Leave everything in my hands. You know I shall not be satisfied till I have made the most exhaustive inquiries intointo this matter. There is no need for you to come. You would only be distressed and saddened at every turn. This is a man's work. You can trust me, can you not!"

He put out his hand as he spoke, and Justina laid her own small trembling one in it. She could not speak for an instant, and when her voice came, it was hollow and weak, and unlike its usual, musical tone.

"Now and always, Basil," she said, as his fingers closed over her hand, "now and always my true, my best friend."

Basil stood holding her hand for an instant

longer, then he prepared for departure.
"Molly, look after her. Keep her here if she will stay, if not, drive her to her home at once. I shall leave by the three train for town, and cross to Paris to-night. I think, Wyllie, we had better give you an explanation of what has occurred. News has been brought to Mrs. Seaton by this good woman, of her husband's sudden death in Paris a week or so ago. The information though meagre, seems to bear an authentic stamp upon it. However, to make everything sure and to be perfectly satisfied, I am going myself to Paris to prosecute the fullest inquiries into the matter. I am sure you will be more than ever convinced, r. w that you know the circumstances of the folly and risk probable in allowing Mrs. Seaton to ear me company in this search

Dr. Wyllie's answer was an emphatic acquiescence to this, and after a little conversation, in which he promised to pay Justina a visit that evening, he took his departure and Sir Basil went out of the room with him.

"I think I had better make known the fact of my journey and the cause of it, this will make a

change of some sort necessary," the latter said

abruptly as they went.
"You have no doubt of the death I suppose? Dr. Wyllie queried. He could hardly have told

why he put this question. Sir Basil shook his head.

"No," he said, quietly, "the papers are most certainly official. I feel sure my journey is not necessary, nevertheless I must go for her satisfaction; if I were not to go she would and that is out of the question. Yes, I feel assured Ruper's Seaton is dead, and I hope I may be forgiven if I do not regret this when I think of her. She must be better freed from such a man, though I, who know her nature so well, can be certain that, despite all the evil he has done her, she will never give one harsh thought to his memory however long she may live.

Dr. Wyllie followed Sir Basil into the ball-room, The rehearsal was just beginning again, and the appearance of the owner of the house with his grave, pale look, gave a sudden sensation of consternation to all present. It was felt all at of consternation to all present. It was felt all at once that something had happened, and as Sir Basil suddenly made known his information there crept into the mind of each a fear that the news he had just given, would make some difference in the entertainment at Croome Hall, if not an actual abandonment of the theatricals altogether, this was, of course, severe disappointment to all the young folk who had worked with such zest and excitement, but there was one present, sitting apart unseen, to whom the news of Justina's possible freedom fell with the chill and appalling weight of death itself. This person was Leam Greatorex.

(To be continued.)

A GERMAN official report states that no case has been recorded where a ship rigged with wire rigging, has sustained any damage from lightning except in a few instances where continuous connection had not been made with the hull.



"FORGIVE ME! FORGIVE ME! I DID NOT MEAN TO CAUSE YOU PAIN!" SAID HELEN, CHERRFULLY.

EVANGELINE'S LEGACY.

-:0:-

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DANCE AT MARLEY MILLS.

" PINNER, how do I look? Come, teil me the truth, now !

"Lovely, miss—real love-ly," said Pinner, stepping backward a couple of yards or so and clasping her lean hands ecstatically. "You're a vision of beauty to-night, Miss 'Melia; you are

indeed !"

"Really and truly, Pinner!" said Amelia Hubble, advancing, retreating, smiling, endeavouring to glance down her bare shoulder-blades, and sweeping from side to side before the long cheval-glass in her room, on the night of the New Year ball at Marley Mills.

"Really, miss—I mean it. Your dress is perfect," said Pinner. "There ain t no atom o' fault to be found with it anywhere. Anybody with eyes in their head can see 'tis a London gownd; the fit of itself would tell 'em that."

"I think I like the pink better than the blue "Really and truly, Pinner!" said Amelia

the fit of itself would tell 'em that."

"I think I like the pink better than the blue—don't you, Pinner!—the blue is so insipid, isn't it?" said Amelia, gingerly putting with a tiny powder-puff certain finishing touches to her already palpable complexion. Then she took up a pencil from the toilette-table, and carefully finished off her everyows as well.

finished off her eyebrows as well.

"Better than the blue? Oh, a million thousand
"Better than the blue? This satin, miss, times!" gushed Pinner. "Pink satin, miss, always do show up so beautiful by candlelight. I should have chose the pink myself."

Here Sophy tripped into Amelia's room, attired in a ball-gown of a style similar to that of her sister; but whilst Sophy had decided on pale-blue satin, Amelia had fixed upon pink.

Both robes in the bodies of them were outrageously low-cut, with just about as much of so-called sleeve as was perhaps demanded by common decency. Both were laced-up behind, and fitted close to the figure; indeed, Amelia's

ample outline looked almost matronly, so tightly had Pinner, in obedience to the damsel's desire, tied back in the approved line of fashion the

hidden tapes of that pink satin train.

"Girls, girls!" cried a loud voice on the landing, "aren't you ready? What a time you do take to be sure! Your pa says he can hear a carriage on the Marley road; so I'm just going down. It's the Gordon-Browns, I expect; they are always early." And a mighty frou-frou in the corridor outside proclaimed that Mrs. Hubble was sailing down stairs to await the arrival of the Gordon-Browns.

The "girls," thus admonished, caught up in

haste gloves and bouquets, handkerchiefs and fans, and prepared to follow their mother to the drawing-room below; which at Marley Mills was a very fine and spacious apartment, and which on this memorable annual occasion was always gorgeously decorated and brilliantly illuminated to serve the purpose of ball-room.

"Pinner," Sophy took an opportunity to

"Pinner," Sophy took an opportunity to whisper to the tiring maid, as the sisters left the elder's dressing-room, Amelia marching on a head, buttoning her glove, and with thoughts a head, buttoning her giove, and with thoughts intent upon the conquests she meant to achieve by-and-by—"candidly now, Pinner, which do you like best—the pink or the blue?" Thus again appealed to, the worthy Pinner called up an expression of feature which demanded

as plainly as speech itself how any young lady in her senses could possibly ask such a question;

in ner senses could possibly ask such a question; and whispered in reply:

"The blue, in course, miss, a hundred million times. Why, there ain't no comparison whatever!" Adding, hurriedly—"Don't tell Miss 'Melia I said so, though, Miss Sophy; because—because—she mighn't like it, and—and might be jealous, you see."

"No up no! And do Llechnica"."

"No, no, no! And do I look nice?"

"Real lovely, Miss Sophy—a vision of beauty," replied Pinner. "You'll be the belle o' the ball." And once more she clasped her hands ecstatically and rolled up her artful eyes.
"I'll give you my purple cashmere to-morrow,"

said Sophy, glancing over her nude and powdered shoulder, and nodding familiarly to the smirking maid. "And Pinner, you duck, if I run up here later on and ring the bell, it is for—well, Pinner, dear, you know what."

dear, you know what."

Pinner returned the nod in a very knowing fashion indeed; and then the two damsels, in the sheen of their satin and the flash of the jewels they wore, trailed down the wide staircase together; Miss Pinner now, with scorn on her pale lip and in her faded eye, leaning over the balustrade upon the landing, and watching their descent to the hall.

"I wonder they ain't ashamed o' theirselves."

ing their descent to the hall.
"I wonder they ain't ashamed o' theirselves, that I do!" she muttered. "If I was dressed out like that—I—I should pray that the earth might open under me and swallow me out o' sight! I shouldn't know where to 'ide my 'ead

for shame," said Pinner, shivering virtuously.

The Hubbles' grand roomy house was a blaze of light on this the night of the 7th of January; and the head-gardener had robbed his winter houses of their choicest treasures in order to furnish flowers for the lavish decorations. Flowers and light were indeed everywhere.

Mrs. Hubble herself was resplendent in sage-green

moiré antique; being stout and florid, she was fond of green of all shades, believing that no other colour became her half so well; with real rubies round her fat neck and real rubies in her ears.

People were arriving fast; it was half-past-nine o'clock. Along the high road, from Marley way, there came a heterogeneous stream of vehicles—private carriages of all sorts, together with hired flies from the "Bear Hotel;" one after anced mes from the "Bear Hotel;" one after another they rattled up to the door of the Hubbles' mansion. All the world, of a sort, it would appear, had been bidden to their New Year ball.

When the Herncastles from across the water, accompanied by Guy Arminger, put in an appearance the rooms were nearly full, and the first two dances on the list for the evening were already

Mark and Helen-the latter being simply

arrayed in a white silk gown, trim of fit, as were all Helen's garments, with a soft lace ruff worn high about her throat, whilst she carried a magnificent bouquet of tea-roses and lilea-of-thavalley, which Guy Arminger had caused to be sent to the Lower Milis direct from Covent Garden—sat down by each other near to one of the doors, and began, though neither admitted: the fact to the other, narrowly to observe the moving figures in the crowd.

Guy, who had just been chatting with Mrss. Hubble, and telling her seriously how well the green moiré became "her style," reappeared in a minute or two and stood there before Helen.

He looked, as good-looking fair men invariable do, exceedingly handsome in his evening clothes; his face flushed, his eyes alight with pleasure, He stretched out his hand.

"Helen, where is your card? You prom

your first dance to me—you know you did. Throgoes the band, so come along!" said he.
"I promised you the first I danced—you," she answered. "But I am not yet quite ready. I will dance with no one until I have danced with you, Gay." So telling him, she present to her lips the sweet flowers he had given her, and over the leaves and blossoms of them looked up at him pleadingly. "And—and, in return you must promise me something, Guy. Will you?" she

ud.
"My dar —" he began, impulsively.
"Hush!" she checked him gently, with almost a look of pain.

"Anything, Helen," he said then, more gravely. "What is it !

"That—that you will be careful to night," she murmured—"Guy, for my sake!"

He bent his fair wavy head as he answered—
"For your sake, Helen, I would—"

But Arminger just then was permitted to register no brittle vow. An enormous pale-blue satin fan with feather edging was tapping his sleeve; and, turning, he beheld Sophy Hubble standing there beside him. She held out coquettishly a filigreesilver basket containing programmes, and was still panting from her exertions in the dance

lately ended.
"Thanks," said Guy, stammering, and smiling,
"I—I have one, you see! Mrs. Habble kindly
gave it to one a minute ago. How very pretry

they are!' "Yes; aren't they? Have you a partner for the next waltz?" said Sophy, with an upward, sidewise glance which was meant to be extremely hewitching.

Poor Guy-anticipating his fate-longed to be able to reply in the affirmative ; but as he could not honourably do that, he said lamely-

"Well, I have," said she, with coy hesitation, fingering the dainty cards in the silver basket; but but The truth of the matter is, Mr. Arminger-

"Well, I wish I hadn't then, if you must know; for he is a perfect little horror of a dervish. He dances anyhow and anywhere-if you can call it dancing-in fact, flings one all over the

"Who is it?" inquired Arminges, peering-slily round at Helen Herneastle, with a queer smile brimming in his joyous eyes; a smile to which she, thoroughly comprehending the situa-tion, promptly responded with one of her own.

"Why, it's young Gordon-Brown, den't you know?" sighed Sophy. "The last time I danced with him, at a ball in Redminster, we both of know ? us got giddy together and fell plump into the

lan of the man who was playing the violin."
"The barbarian!" cried Arminger. "If I were a girl, and a fellow served me like that, catch me ever dancing with him a second time, Miss Sophy, unless, of course, there was nobody else to be had."

"I am sure I don't want to," replied Sophy, with a little grimare. "And—and look here, Mr. Arminger," very shyly, "don't go and think me quite too awfully bold, and—and all that, but if ou like to ask me for this walts now, why, I'll throw over Mr. Gordon-Brown before I'm a minute older. There, I've said it! It is such a shame to be obliged to put up with vile partners

when one has Coote and Thingumy's music to dance to, don't you know," pouted Sophy. "With all my heart," said Guy, with apparent heartiness. "I' am indeed favoured. Poor Gordon-Brown !"

"I can easily say that I waited ever so long for

"I can easily say that I waited ever so long for him and he never turned up, don't you see?" cried Sophy, with animation. "Nothing could be simpler."

"I must steer clear of him for the rest of the evening," smiled Gay, "or goodness knows what may happen. Miss Sophy.

"You need'n't be slarmed on that accre, Mr. Arminger," returned she, archly. "I think, if you tried, you could knock Mr. Brown into a cocked hat. Don't be shocked, please; it is only what pa says samatimes. Here, ma, dear, you cocaca mas. Don't be snogged, please; it is only what pa says sometimes. Here, ma, dear, you look after this," popping down her programme basins upon Mrs. Hubble's knea; that lady basing taken a vacant seat by Helen Herncastle's side.

And the next minute Sophy had slipped her arm under Guy Arminger's and had led him off triumphantly to join the walts which the band had just struck up.

"And so you walked here across the bridge, Helen, Mr. Arminger tells me!" said Mrs. Hubble, "How did you manage that!"

"Oh, the night was tolerably fine and dry, and we changed our boots when we get here!" replied.

The passing years had dealt genially enough with Mrs. Hubble and her prosperous spouse. They looked and behaved and spoke, the pair of them, at this date of their lives, pretty much the same as they had looked and behaved and spoken. some seventeen or eighteen years gone by, Prosperity is an excellent fattening recipe, and for keeping, too, the wrinkles and crows' feet at

bay. 'I do not see Miss Ferris auxwhere," said Helen, raising her voice a tone or two, for the waltz which the musicians were playing was in parts a rather noisy one. "Has she returned to you! "She told me before she went to London that she would be back in time for your dance, Mrs. Hubble."

Mark, on the other side of Helen, pricked up

"Returned. Lor' yes! She's returned fast enough—come back the day before yesterday. She knows where she's well off, bless you!" bawled Mrs. Hubble. "To tell you the truth, though, Helen, neither me nor the girls, nor their par, for the matter of that, would have fretted ourselves much if she hadn't have come back at all. She gives herself too many hairs and graces, and has too many fine notions of her own by half to please us; and paupers and governesses and such rubbishing folk have no business to give themselves such hairs beyond their station, I say.

"She was dressing over so long ago, I know for a fact; and so I suppose she'll come down—we invited hor—when she has a mind to do so, and not before. She pleases herself pretty much. However, there's one great point in her favour, Helen; she manages those children admirably, and they are very fond of her too. But once let Louisa's complaint get well enough to allow her to come back to England, and off I pack Miss Stuck up to—to—to wherever she came from : I shall have had quite enough of her by then, I'll warrant. A holiday, indeed! What did she want a holiday at all for! She only come in November," shouted Mrs. Hubble, talked her florid countenance into a flame, and whose bosom, rubies and all, was heaving with the elecutionary effort she had made.

Mark Herncastle, before his hostess had ceased to speak, had got up suddenly and disappeared, A cloud since his arrival at the dance had been brooding upon the features of Mark. cloud was now dispelled. And he catching sight, through the revolving shapes of the waltzers, of young Paget of Rackhouse standing solitarily by the glass doors of the conservatory, made his way round to him, tapped him on the back, and with him had gone off to get some coffee.

"What I am a-sitting here by this door for," Mrs. Hubble presently went on to expound to Helen, when she had in a measure recovered her

breath, vigorously faming herself as she spoke, is to receive Sir Philip Wroughton. very late; everybody has come now but him; and and I am almost; beginning to despair—

and and I am amose beginning to despar-Hi, Reuben !"

Mr. Hubble was in sight; and his wife beckened him with her glove. The bulk of him was encased in a snow white draw waistecat, in the armholes of which, as he advanced towards the lady of the house, be thrust his short flat thumbs, so that a rope-like gold chain and an immense glittering locate were displayed to fine

immense glatering focus wars displayed to alle advantage.

"Well, man, what is it?" said ha, "We make a capital show here to night, den't we?" throwing a portly, self-satisfied glance around the large and brilliant roots.

"Yes, yes, but, Reuben, I amagesting terribly anxious. How about Sir Philip! Do you think hall come! I have done nothing but stick about this door and the inner hall for the last hour or mans, and he hasn't arrived yet. Do you

about this door and the inner hall for the last hour or more, and he hasn't arrived yet. Do you think he means to keep his word! Oh, Reuben, if he shouldn't, after all—"

Mrs. Hubble actually trembled with suppressed anxiety and apprehousien. If Sir Philip Wroughton of Messount Priory failed in his promise to honour with his company their New Year dance, then—gay and hopoful as was the aspect of overything at procent—ashing, in Mrs. Hubble's opinion, could save her ball from failure.

She had tald everybedy whom she could tell that Sir Philip Wroughton was coming; and consequently everybedy would expect to meet him there. Should be fail to redeem that promise of his, given weeks before the eventful night—oh, how everybody then would laugh at her

ph; how everybody then would laugh at her behind her back! thought Mrs. Hubble, growing cold all over at the bare idea. "Oh, Reuben," said she, in a piteous undertone, "you do really think that he means to keep his word?

Mr. Reuben Hubble, standing with his short legs somewhat ungracefully wide ap rt, winked at Mrs. Reuben Hubble before he answered.

"He'll come, ma, never fear," he chuckled. "Lon't you fret yourself, my dear; he'll be here presently as sure as eggs is eggs! It may be latish—I shouldn't wonder; perhaps not till supper. Strolling in late is fashionable. among the nobs. Still, some time or other before cock-crow, you'll see, we shall have my fine gentleman here. Oh, yes, ma, it's all serene," said Mr. Hubble, actually putting his finger to his nose as if he would so intimate that he knew somewhat more than he felt at present justified

in revealing.
Mrs Hubble was reassured.

Her husband's confident tone and knowing air

Her husband's confident tone and knowing ar were comforting to her in the extreme.

Sir Philip, of late, had been a good deal at Marley Mills; and Renben Hubble, in his turn, had been seen a great many times at Mossecurt Priory. Evidently, then, Sir Philip Wroughton and the wealthy Reuben thoroughly understood each other. each other.

each other.

"Mr. Arminger could tell us nothing about Sir Philip's movements," said Mrs. Hubble, more blithely; "for he tea'd and dressed at the Lower Mills, it seems, and came over with the Hern-castles afterwards—didn't I understand him to say so, Helen?" laying a puffy red hand scintillating with brilliants upon Helen's white silk sleeve.

"Quite right," answered Helen, quietly; and resumed the chat she was engaged in at the moment with the person who sat upon her left who had taken the seat indeed lately vacated by her brother.

Up to Helen and her companion presently came Amelia Hubble and Guy Arminger. Help-less Guy! He had escaped from the clutches of one-sister, it would appear, only to drift hap-lessly into the toils of the other. "What, Helen, not dancing!" exclaimed

"What, Helen, not dancing!" exclaimed Amelia, in her loud harsh way. "Nor you, either, Mr. Stone! My word, you are a couple of lazy ones, if you don't mind my saying so!"
"Not in the least. Here we are perfectly cool and comfortable, at any rate," smiled the genial middle-aged Marley surgeon, who was a universal favourite and went everywhere. as middle-aged favourite and went everywhere—as middle-aged bachelors do in a country neighbourhood,

" Well. unfurling so 1"-a "You " All the yourself, Awfu cally; ar

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lelicate (Guy A "Hele to last?" are you She lo displeasu and trus " Have Just t of music

Two la imultan Hubbles A sligh evenius: cropped brows; nameless once cau Her g silk, can

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SOPH callow'y remarks parted ' upstaire there; p manner The

"Well, I am rather hot, I own," said Amelia, unfurling her showy pink fan. 60 1"-a trifle anxiously.

"You do, indeed;" was Helen's candid reply. "All the same, I am sure that you are enjoying

vourself. Amelia ?"

"Awfully, thanks," replied Amelia, emphati-cally; and she wiped the perspiration from her matted "fringe," and by accident effaced the delicate end of her left eyebrow as well.

Guy Arminger was now bending over Helen.

"Helen, how much langer is this purgatory to last?" he said in a pathetic setto voca: "When are you going to take compassion on me?"

She looked atraight approach into those "god-like, wet-violet eyes." of his; and discerning that, so far, he had given her cause neither for displeasure nor for pain, answered with a bright and trustful smile-

" Have patience | Very shortly I hope to gratify

Just then there arose, together with the sound of music which was about to attice up again, a buzz of voices, musmars of curtosity, accents of interest and astonishment, travelling hither and thither among the crowd.

Two late arrivals, it would seem, had appeared imultaneously in the principal entrance of the

Hubbles! ball-room.

A slight-built, elderly-looking man, in perfect evening attire, with pale, clean-out features, close-cropped gray hair and trim black beard and eye beautiful, and with him a weman, young; very beautiful, and exquisitely dressed; and with at nameless air of high breeding about her which at caught the notice of all.

Her gown was a levely mixture of palest canary silk, canary tulle, and e stly lace, garlanded most delicately with sprays of crimson Virginia

A twisted necklace of small pourly closely encircled her gream-white throat. Pearl bracelots matched the necklace.

There were her sole ornaments, save the blood-"What a distinguished-looking couple" "Who on earth are they?"
"Surely not husband and wife—she's too

young

"Might be father and daughter."

Look more like that than anything else."
Never saw a lovelier face in all my life!"

So from one to another ran the muttering and the whispering amongst the stranger guests who knew them not; whilst those who did recognise there late arrivals were staring their widest and hardest at them almost, indeed, as if they had lost suddenly the power of speech and could in no wise believe what their eyes beheld.

Foremost in this division of speechlessly amazed were Mr. and Mrs. Hubble themselves and their daughter Amelia -- Amelia, in fact; standing there transfixed, wroth yet dumb as she watched that little comedy going forward upon the polished floor opposite here.

At last the strapping Amelia broke out luto a

harsh laugh.

"Upon my word and honour I like her impudence—don't you?" said she coarsely, turning sharply to Helen. Hernoatle and Guy Arminger. That is Sir Philip Wroughton of Mosscourt Priory, as you can see for yourselves; and the lady "-sarcastically-" if you please, is a lady from the schoolroom upstairs - our governess, Miss Ferris 1"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DANCE CONTINUES.

SOTHY HUBBLE, without so much as one conscience-prick, having thrown over a foolish and callow youth that had fallen to her lot, and that could not say "Bo!" to a goose a youth with remarkably long front teeth, lank flaxen hair parted smoothly down the middle, and an eyeglass stuck in a dim and vacant eye-went flying upstairs unobserved to her room; and, arrived there; pulled the bell-rope in a promptyet cautious manner, once, twice, thrice.
The gentle "tinkle-tinkle" in some far-off

region had the desired effect; for Pinner, the astute and invaluable, comprehending the signal, shortly made her appearance bearing a silver salver. Upon the salver was a tall and slender glass, brimming and sparkling with "soda-andbrandy," with a lump of crisp cold ice showing itself enticingly upon the surface of the delightful

"Thanks, awfully!" murmured Sophy, putting reparched lips to it gratefully. "You are her pareled lips to it gratefully. You are indeed a real duck, Pinner. I've been dancing like a whirlwind all the evening, and was thoroughly sinking for the want of it, you

"And I don't wonder, mis-," answered Pinner, demurely sympathetic. "Emma and cook and me and Thomas have been watching the company for a little while from the lobby at the end of the hall; and, as you say, you have been a footing it and no mistake. We all agreed, Miss Sophy, that you was the belle."

"Did you really, though?" cried Sophy cagerly. She ran over to the looking-glass, gingerly patted her "fringe," and touched up her fascinations generally. "I told you, Finner, didn't I, that I'd give you my old cashmere?"

said she.

"Yes, Miss Sophy, and thank you kindly for it."

responded Pinner meekly.

Oh, and Pinner, I say, do you know how that Miss Ferris thought proper to show herself in the ball-room to-night? She came in as late as you please, and with all the cool impertinence imaginable, side by side with Sir Philip Wroughton !"
"Yes, miss, but she couldn't help it."

were the words which rose truthfully and involuntarily to the lips of the abigail; but, upon second thoughts, she checked them -- Pioner being wise in her generation—and said instead :

"The idea new, Miss Sophy! And what pre-sumption, to be sure!" All the same Pinner and her fellow servants, in the lobby at the end of the hall, had been spectators of the little incident, and had seen quite well how it happened a pure accident. "She don't know her place; it's very certain, that Miss Ferris don't," added

Pinner severely:

"Rather not!" was Sophy's disdainful rejoinder: "Ma tried her best to get her aside and to give it her pretty stiff on the quiet; but you know her way, Pinner-Miss Ferris's, I mean. She just looked ma up and down in that cool and highly uppleasant manner of hers, and then marched calmly off before she-ma, you know-had finished speaking to her, and joined Miss Herncastle or somebody in another part of the room. However, she'll catch it toperrow, I have no doubt, hot and strong and to

the purpose," said Sophy Hubble viciously.
"Downvight imperence, I call it;" said the abigail. "Why, nobody would ever think that she was a governess, Miss Sophy, to see the way she gets herself up and that! Look at her tonight! She's as grand as anybody-or thinks

herself so," suiggered Piuner.

How she does it, I can't conceive," Sophy said: "It gots over me altogether. Well, after all, I don't fancy that we shall be bothered with her much longer. Only the other day we all were heartily agreed that as soon as ever my sister, Mrs. Androws, gets all right again—and she is now a lot stronger than she was—away we pack those little animals, and Miss Ferris herself after them. Children in the house are a frightful responsibility, and a nuisance into the bargain."

"She is too high for her place," said Pinner, se in air. "Them sort of people usually is. nose in air. Bless you, anybody can see that, Miss Sophy.

"Then the sooner she looks out for another the better," laughed Sophy carelessly.

So saying, she deftly gathered up her Cambridge blue tail, as she called it; and, much refreshed and invigorated; tripped lightly downstairs

to rejoin the revels below.

Helen Herneastle still sat in her sheltered corner near to the conservatory, with its dim and soothing vista of cool spreading palms and Chinese lanterns, but Mr. Stone had vanished from her and his place was now occupied by the Hubbles 'governess.

Helen was telling her friend that as yet she had refused all solicitations to dance because she was bent on obtaining, if possible, a cosy little chat with her-Miss Ferris - as soon as she should "I thought I might lose appear in the room. sight of you altogether among so many strange people, if I did not keep a sharp look-out on your movements," and Helen, with her frank laugh, "and perhaps not be able to get near you the evening."

"That was very dear and kind of you; you are always thoughtful and kind," Miss Ferris murmured. And then she went on to explain to Helenthat Mrs. Hubble, having all along premised the two little girls, Joey and Tommy, that they should sit up late for a treat, just to have a peep at the fine company and the smart dresses, and perhaps a bon-bon apiece to put under their pilhad, at the last moment, changed her mind and despatched them early to bed instead.

Sorely aggrieved at treatment so unjust, Joey and Tommy had wept very bitterly over it, but quietly all the same, as was the little creatures' wont; and so, in order to pacify them and ease their sense of wrong, Miss Ferris had begged from the cook downshirs some jelly and tarts and other festive "goodies," and they three tagether, in the children's bedroom, where nobody that night would dream of disturbing them, had had an impromptu little supper under the rose; the young governess afterwards reading them to sleep with fairy stories from their beloved Grimme This, Miss Ferris explained, had made her late. "is cruel to disappoint little children," she said.

"At any rate, late as you were in coming down, ou were fortunate in finding an escort," remarked

Helen, playfally.

" Pray do not say fortunate - I assure you the circumstance was purely accidental," returned the other, coldly, "Sir-Philip Wroughton and I happened to meet in the hall; indeed at the very door of the ball room—he had just arrived. As the Hubbles had already introduced me to Sir Philip, we could not very well avoid our entering the room together. However, I do not fancy that the accident was any more to his taste than it was to mine."

Helen Herneastle glanced curiously at the pale, proud, lovely profile of the girl at her side. Was there or was there not something strange, something mysterious, connected with the unknown past of Miss Ferris, Helen caught herself wondering insensibly as she looked at her. The doubt, she knew, had often troubled her, but it was stronger than ever to-night. And yet why, oh, why, thought Helen, almost impatiently, should she feel towards this girl so warmly and so singularly attracted !

"What a strikingly pretty gown yours is,"
Helen observed after a pause, with genuine
admiration. "It is by far the prettiest I have
seen here to-night."

"You surprise me," replied Lina, with a little shrug and smile. "It is not new by any means in reality it has done duty in town on more than one occasson, at the theatre or elsewhere. Still, it is good enough for the Hubbles and Marley Mills."

"Do you go often to the theatre when you are when you are at home in London?" Helen inquired, somewhat perplexed and astonished at the indifferent reply—though perhaps she could hardly have told why. Doubtless it was the tone more than the words themselves which had set Helen vaguely marvelling again.

"Not very often," answered Lina Ferris, quietly; "unless my brother is well enough to accompany me. It is an intense pleasure to me

accompany me: It is an intense pleasure to me then, because he so onjoys it."

"You once told me that your brother was delicate," Heleu said, laying a sympathetic hand upon: the governoes's arm. "Have you seen him this Christmas I If so, I sincerely hope that you found him better and stronger. You see, we are alike in one respect—you and I—are we not? We both possess and love dearly an only brother. It is a pleasant coincidence."

Miss Ferris's small dark head, with its coronal of blood-red leaves, had drooped and was turned aside; so that Helen could not see the quivering

"My brother;" she answered; with pathetic emphasis upon the pronoun, "will always be delicate and ailing. He will never, in this world

Miss Hernesstle, be stronger than he is at this moment. He may live for years, the doctors say, or he—or he may—or he may—"
"Oh, surely it is not so bad as that!" cried Helen, quickly. "Doctors are not always right,

Helen, quickly. "Doctors are not always right, you know. The cleverest among them all errors you know.

occasionally—are sometimes mistaken."
"My brother," said the governess, speaking as if the mere effort of speech were anguish to her, "is a confirmed, a hopeless invalid, Miss Herncastle. There are times when he suffers terribly with his heart; a—a fatal malady which has come to him from our dear dead mother."

"But the doctors may be wrong after all—indeed they may. Some, I have heard and believe, are downright alarmists in their profession. So

"Ah, no! The cleverest, the noblest doctor in all London, Miss Herncastle, who was, too, our best-our dearest

The governess, unable to continue, stopped

abruptly.

"Forgive me! forgive me!" Helen hastened to put in. "I did not mean to cause you pain. Do you remember, or have you forgotten," she went on, summoning to her aid her cheerfullest tone and mien, "what you promised to do the last time I saw you? I mean on that night before you went away for your Christmas holiday. You promised me then that I should be 'Miss Herncastle' no more, but ever forward." 'Helen'

forward."

"Did—did I really?"

"Yes, you did. You kn. w that you did."

"Yes—you are right. I remember."

"And is that plea-ant promise to count for nought? Do you intend, after all, to go back to the stiff and formal 'Miss Herncastle'? Oh, I hope not! It would not be fair."

nope not! It would not be fair."
"No," replied Lina, tremulously; "I will call
you 'Helen' for the future. I—I want to call
you 'Helen.' Did I not tell you so before, on
the night when I ran across the bridge to say

good-bye ! "Of course, and very properly too," said Helen; "and be sure that I do not mean to let you off now. There," she broke off gaily, "you see how tiresome it is! I cannot get on one bit, for I have no intention, after this, of 'Miss Ferris-ing' you any longer; although I am not yet sure whether I may call you 'Lina'?"

"If you will call me 'Lina'—always 'Lina'—

it will make me very happy. Because—because it is my home-name," answered the governess, simply. And the two were fast friends from

It was past midnight; in fact, nearly one o'clock.

In the spacious dining-room at Marley Mills in which, by means of a little clever planning beforehand, it had been found practicable so to arrange matters that all the Hubbles' guests should be seated at once—supper and making merry over it were well to the fore. A perhaps somewhat riotous merry-making it promised to be; but then that would astonish nobody at the Hubbles' New Year ball.

The supper was a very grand and a very fashionable one. The plate and glass were of the most elaborate character; the epergnes and candelabra were of the tallest and handsomest of their kind. The lights and the floral decorations were indeed dazzling. The table, in short, was a triumph of good things.

They liked to do the affair out-and-out well.

when they were about it, Mrs. Hubble said, or

else leave it alone.

The waiters—hired for the night from the Bear Hotel-were nimble and attentive and all that could be desired; though they were generally found to be incapable towards the waning of the entertainment, with the slender necks of one or two bottles sticking out of their coat-tail pockets. This circumstance, however, was not altogether to be wondered at, seeing that corks went popping with startling frequency, and Reuben Hubble's irreproachable Perrier Jouet

flowed without stint throughout the feast.
"Don't you be afraid of it, Sir Philip," said
Mrs. Hubble, in a hoarse whisper, to the honoured guest of the night who sat upon her right hand;

"it's none of your gooseberry-jooce at five-and-sixpence a bottle. Take my word for that, Sir Philip."

"Your kind assurance is unnecessary," rep'ied Sir Philip politely, "for——" "Good wine needs no bush, I know," struck in his hostess blandly, wagging her bedizened head; and then Mrs. Hubble smiled and bowed, and raised meanwhile her glass to her lips, thus intimating that she wished "to take wine" with Sir Philip, and felt flattered beyond measure at his condescension in gracing her ball with his presence. A queer expression flitted over that gentleman's white features as he responded to the lady's humour and bowed and smiled in

Mark Herncastle had gained his heart's desire. He had found sufficient courage to ask Lina Ferris to give him the supper-dance-indifferent performer though he was and knew himself to -and, to his intense happiness, she had

readily acceded to his request.

Perhaps he was both a little amazed and confused at her graciousness towards him; for it was easy to perceive that there was not present a smart young bachelor but who was eager to win the favour of the lovely girl in the soft canary robe and scarlet leaves. Mark was the least vain

and conceited of young men; and he could hardly believe in his own good luck. It was with feelings of wrath and bitterness commingled that the Hubble family—father, mother, and daughters alike—were compelled to witness the marked impression which the governess's appearance had created. In half-anhour they had grown utterly sick of the eternal question—always the same—of "Who is she !— that beautiful girl yonder in the pale primrose gown and crimson leaves \$

They were weary of the name of Miss Ferris, and wished vehemently fifty times over that they never had had the folly to invite her down from the school-room. That was her proper

Dear me! Why, it's only the governess said Mrs. Hubble, managing to work up a broad, surprised smile, yet with infinite disdain upon the word "only"

"Lord, bless you, no !—only the governess," echoed Reuben; "orly our little gals' governess—our daughter Louisa's little gals, I should say—from upstairs."

"We thought it would be a treat for the poor thing," added Mrs. Hubble, vaguely.
"That?" said the burly Amelia—"gracious goodness, it's only Miss Ferris! She's the brate' goodness, it's only Miss Ferns! She's the brats' governess—a mere nobody—she came here last November. How do you like my bouquet—charming, isn't it?" pushing the flowers with clumsy coquetry under her partner's nose.

"Who is she?" was Sophy's reply to her

interrogator, with an arch upward stare and a shrug to match. "Now, as if you couldn't tell at a glance who and what she is. She's those small plagues' gouvernante—and a pretty small plagues' gouvernante—and spectacle she has made of hereal small plagues' gouvernante—and a preity spectacle she has made of herself!" Sophy added, with a shrill little laugh that deceived nobody; the venom in it was too apparent.

All the same—outrageous in taste on the part of everybody as the Hubbles affected to regard the circumstance—Miss Ferris was besieged on sides by those susceptible and fortunate youths who had contrived to obtain an introduction.

Her behaviour, however, under this social ordeal was quite in keeping with her other airs and graces, said Amelia Hubble.

She was cold and distant to the majority, and gracious only to a few—a very few. She had danced with middle-aged Mr. Stone—who, as he put it, claimed the right of an old friend, and asked her if she had forgotten that it had been his privilege to visit her daily when she was lying weak and ill at the Lock—with Guy Arminger, and with Mark Herncastle; whilst to Helen she had imparted her intention of with drawing to her own room as soon as she could after the business of supper had come to an

These three men had been her only partners.
All other candidates for her hand had been met
with a quiet but resolute denial. The over-bold

and audacious had been snubbed for their

pains

"Have you been to visit your old friend at the Lock yet?" Mark was saying to his sweet proud lady at table, whose few alimentary wants he jealously guarded and attended to; "I mean, since your return, Miss Ferris?"
"No-not yet." was the calm answer. "Since

"No-not yet," was the calm answer. "Since my return to this place there has been no opportunity for my going. I hope, though, to see

him to-morrow

"I have met him frequently in our mill-yard, on the bridge, and elsewhere, whilst you have been gone," Mark told her simply, "and he was always wanting to know whether I knew when you were coming back to us."
"Dear old man," said the governess, gently.

Here a louder burst of laughter than common rang out from that part of the long "horse-shoe" table where Sophy Hubble sat wedged Here a louder burst of laughter than between two obstreperous Redminster young men. Amongst them they had been pulling those bon-bons familiar to everybody, which, having exploded, are found to contain "surprise in divers' colours, in the shape of paper

packages in divers colours, in the shapeou paper caps and other flimsy headgear.

One of the young men had now tied on his head an article which was plainly intended to represent an old woman's nightcap, with flapping paper frills and pink paper strings; the other had crowned himself with a bishop's mitre; whilst the lively Sophy herself had made haste to decorate her person with a baby's hood and a bib beneath it. Thus grote-quely arrayed, all three of them were shouting and wagging their heads at each other.

The box-bon pulling, indeed, had by this time become general; the floor of the supper-room was strewn with tinsel rubbish. Sophy and her Redminster young men had exchanged their late eccentric headgear for specimens of a still wilder character, and were shricking with glee

over the trying-on process.

Amelia Hubble, near her father's portion of the table, was skittishly engaged in extinguishing, in an immense black sun-bonnet with flying ffron ends, the small pate and cherubic features of young Gordon-Brown. Amelia herself was smirking, in most bewitching fashion, in a saffron

smirsing, in most bewitching fashion, in a saffron sun-bonnet with strings and ends of black. Noisiest among the noisy ones was Guy Arminger, who certainly appeared to be in no wise behindhand—if his patron Sir Philip were so—in doing full justice to the Hubbles' Perrier Jonet.

The young fellow's shirt-front was crumpled; his amber locks were roughened; his handsome his amber locks were roughened; his handsome face—nay, his very neck and brow were alike flushed with wine and excitement; and his eyes—those beautiful "wet-purple" eyes of Guy's, which many a woman in her time had gazed into and envied him—danced and melted with a recklesa light born of the false pleasure of the hour. But the woman, in the plain white silken robe, who sat there by his side, looked grave and sad—almost stern. What were his promises worth, all ardently made as they were, she was reflecting bitterly? What peace, or calm, or rest or earth could she ever hope to attain in worshipping at

could she ever hope to attain in worshipping at so earthly and so worthless a shrine? Had she not built her house upon sand, as it were, and pinned her woman's faith to a vain shadow? pinned her woman's latti to a validation of hearts, was not Mark right when he had one day likened his friend to chaff before the wind? Unstable as water, how could he hope ever to excel? Above all, if he loved her—yet should there be no "if" in the matter, for had not his love for her been expressed in signs that were unmistakable a hundred times over? Verily, yes!—would not be endeavour more earnestly than he did to study her loving wishes and to spare her so much pain

For her wishes and to spare her so much pair. For her wishes concerning him were wise as they were loving, and were all for his own good!

"My dear one—my bonny Nell!" he whispered, raising unsteadily the sparkling glass to his lips, "my love—my endless love to you!"

It was no time for reproaches—this midnight

hour of gaiety and glamour—for rebukes at pro-mises broken as soon as given; and so Helen true woman as she was, roused herself and smiled on him and thanked him loyally thus

And : guesse "hidd Pop and e board Mr. and, langua

Fe

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town."

"The

Mark, d frankly in the The instant Ferris ; the sup just th

vanishe him bad out of g "No me per I mean

bit, nov hastily. self he busines less joc until b And none who saw that bright kind smile guessed that beneath the surface of it lay the

guessed that beneath the surface of it may the "hidden tears."

Pop—pop! Pop—pop! went the flying corks, and every glass upon that glittering horse-shoe board was once more charged to the brim.

Mr. Hubble meanwhile had risen to his feet,

and, something like order and silence having been obtained, the worthy Reuben, in the finest language at his command, was assuring all those present how happy—alas! the "h" was nowhere —it made him and his family to see 'em all enjoying theirselves so thoroughly in his house. Having rambled on for a space of five minutes or so, with nobody in reality paying the slightest heed to him, he wished, before a-setting down, he said, to propose a toast which, on an occasion like the present, he couldn't with civility pass over; namely, the 'ealth of his illustrious guest and very good friend and neighbour—Sir Philip

This toast, albeit there was no especial reason for it, was enthusiastically received and drunk by the majority of the company; who were, per-haps, of that everyday order that dearly loves a haronet in the absence of a lord.

But Miss Ferris, the governess, never stirred in her chair.

Sir Philip responded in a few terse sentences, and sat down again, looking unspeakably bored. Once or twice he had caught himself upon the very brink of yawning in the face of Mrs. Hubble. Had he, however, done so outright, that amiable and florid dame would have freely pardoned the off-nce. Dearly, at any rate, did Mrs. Hubble love a lord.

Taking neither part nor interest in the jocose proceedings that were waxing fast and furious around them, Mark and Lina remained engrossed

with what they were finding to say to each other. It was the first evening-party of the kind that the latter had ever assisted at, and she was devoutly hoping that it would be the last as well. The noise stunned her.

"I am afraid, Miss Ferris," hazarded Mark, with humility, "that you think us a-a-a very rowdy

"I? I-I don't know that I do." But the rare, tell-tale colour mounted slowly to her pale,

'You look guilty," said he.
"Do I?" she returned, smiling. "I am

"I can quite understand that the parties which you are accustomed to go to in London are not like this one," said Herncastle, bluntly.

"I do not go to many parties when I am in

London," Lina replied, gently.
"But those that you have attended when in town," Mark persisted, "were not like this one, I

"Well, not exactly, perhaps," she admitted, with a little amused laugh. "Still, all dances, you know, are more or less alike. Country ones, doubtless, are less formal than those one sees in town.

"There is not much formality here," said

Mark, drily.
"No, there is not," laughed the governess, frankly. And her laugh was as sweetest music in the ears of Mark Herncastle.

The gloomy eyes of Sir Philip Wroughton, from beneath their straight black brows, were at that instant watching furtively the features of Lina Ferris; whose seat was on the opposite side of the supper table, some three or four yards away. He had completely forgotten his hostess. He was just then living once more in the days of a vanished past. Mrs. Hubble's woolly voice jerked him back, as it were, into the present. He came out of ghostland with a start.

"Now, my dear Sir Philip," said she, "do let me persuade you. This Venetian ice-pudding, I mean—it really is delicious. Just a leetle tiny

"Thank you, no," replied the gentleman, hastily. "You must excuse me," Within himhastily. "You must excuse me. Within hastily. "You must excuse me. Within hastily." Self he was wondering vaguely whether this business of feeding, this lengthy scene of senseit, idle supposition apart, indeed to go on until broad day

"You are dis-tray, Sir Philip," said Mrs. Hub-ble playfully, who had picked up a fugitive French word or two from her daughters' boarding-school vocabulary. "I am very much afraid, Sir

school vocabulary. "I am very much arraid, Sir Philip, that you are not enjoying yourself."
"On the contrary, I assure you. I—I have passed a most agreeable evening. The fact was, I was looking at the lady who—er—er who is your governess. Mrs. Hubble. She reminds me strangely, now and again, of someone I er-used to know some years ago," he answered, rousing himself.

"Really, Sir Philip? You amaze me!"

Mrs. Hubble drew herself up. Her ample bosom for seconds heaved in silence—a thunderous silence. Her very rubies themselves looked angry. Somehow, with Mrs. Hubble, the effect of the bare mention of the name of Miss Ferris was becoming similar to that produced by the flourishing of the proverbial red rag under the

nose of the proverbial bull.

"Actually it is so," Wroughton said, dreamily, having relapsed into his absent humour. And again he glanced across at Lina Ferris through

"And may I make so bold as to ask," said Mrs. Hubble, breathing hard—" whether the reminiscence which—which the sight of the young erson awakens is a pleasant one or otherwise, Sir Philip ?

"A pleasant reminiscence?" echoed the master of the Priory, slowly, as if he were pondering the idea. "Well, yes—no—I mean no. Miss Ferris reminds me of—of nothing that I care to remem-

"Oh," said she, "that's lucky then, Sir Philip!
For Miss Ferris won't be here much longer, I can tell you. The children will be leaving us and going back to their parents very soon, I hope, and she won't be wanted no more."
"Indeed!" Wroughton returned, with more

animation than he had hitherto displayed. He was glad—though, had he been called upon to do
so then, he could hardly have given a reason
for the feeling of relief which he experienced
—to learn that the girl who was called Miss Ferris would shortly be seen no more in the vicinity of Mosecourt Priory.

The truth of the matter was, her presence

there at Marley Mills caused him vague irritation. He could not tell why; or, at all events, he cared not to ask himself why. Indeed, since the date of that night a little while back on which she had first been presented to him, and when he had for the first time seen her in close view, her face more particularly her dark, proud eyes—had never ceased to haunt his mental vision. She was so likeness, of course, was merely just one of those purely accidental affairs which are sufficiently common in the world if one did but know where Nevertheless, the likeness look for them.

to look for them. Nevertueness, the manner existed; was undeniably there.
Yes, the presence of this girl in the neighbourhood of Mosscourt—this girl with her high, proud bearing and haunting eyes, was troublesome, was a nuisance, and nothing short of it. The tidings of her departure would be eagerly awaited on the part of Sir Philip Wroughton. For no man likes to be reminded against his will of what he

fain would forget.

Lina, who had remained far from unconscious of Sir Philip's furtive glances, still lent mean-while no unwilling ear to the voice of Mark Herncastle.

"I wish I could persuade myself," he was saying earnestly, "that you are happy in this house, but somehow I cannot, Miss Ferris. Knowing so well what the people are, I—I—"
"I never expected to be happy when I came

she interrupted him, gravely.

Mark eyed her narrowly.

"Will you," he said, wistfully, "never be happy in this place?"

"It is, you know," replied she, evasively, "a sad heart that never rejoices."

Again Mark looked at her keenly before he

"Do you-do you believe it is at all likely that you will remain—don't set me down as unpar-donably inquisitive—at Marley Mills, Miss Ferris, for any length of time?"

And she answered, without hesitation, yet

with perceptible bitterness.
"I believe, Mr. Herncastle, it is highly improbable that I shall remain at Marley Mills for any length of time. I should not be in the least degree taken unaware if Mrs. Hubble were to tell me to walk out of her house to-morrow morning. To-night she has been odiously rude to me. For the future I shall be astonished at nothing that Mrs. Hubble may either say or do."

Herncastle was then and there seized with a well-nigh uncontrollable desire to shake his fist across the table at the voluble and unconscious mistress of the mansion.

"Now, look here, Miss Ferris," said he, with his most sterling and business-like air. "I want you to promise me that you will do something? It is nothing very hard."

"Anything in reason," answered Lina, gently.
"Well, it is but this. If at any time during
your sojourn beneath the Hubbles' roof, whether your stay with them be long or brief, you should ever find yourself in sudden need of a friend and a friend's help—a real, a staunch friend, mind will you in your trouble and anxiety come straightway to me-to-to us, to my sister Helen and me, I should say; and let us do for you everything that it may lie within our power to

She held out her hand to him, a gathering mist in her beautiful eyes. Mark, for several seconds held closely within his own big palm that little tremulous hand; longed, indeed, to carry

"Should that time ever come - and it may, who knows?—I will remember what you have said," Lina answered, firmly.

"Then you promise?"

"Then you promise?"

"I do, and promise gratefully."

"Thank you," said Herneastle, without a particle of the habitual shyness which handicapped him in his intercourse with women generally. But then Lina Ferris was not like other women, he told himself, No; for him she was and ever would be henceforward a woman who stead alone in the weedle as were alone. who stood alone in the world: a woman alone and supreme in her worth, purity, and loveliness. He did not believe that he would ever again feel

shy with Lina Ferris.

Somehow, within the last hour or so, all barriers between them, himself and her, seemed to have been broken down. Nevertheless, he regarded her with feelings of deepest reverence, and felt dimly that so sweet and fair a woman as she was, as far beyond all reach of his love as were the stars in heaven. Yet in serving her he could love her, and no man should hinder him in that silent devotion.

"Thank you," he said, simply. "I cannot

tell you how happy your promise has made me."

Ere any rejoinder could come from Lina, a general stir at the table proclaimed that supper was at last over. The band likewise had supped and done well, and a most alluring waitz tune was stealing in now from the ball-room. Mark

was steaming in now from the ban-room. Mark and Lina rose with the rest. "I declare," she cried, lightly, though, as she spoke she brushed with her small lace handkerchief a tear from her long eyelashes, "you and I, Mr. Herncastle, have not pulled a single bonbon with each other !"

"It is not too late now," said Mark, with most childish eagerness. "See! here is about almost childish eagerness. "See! here is about the last of the flock, I should say, Let us find out the contents of it."

He offered one end of the tinsel jou-jou to Lina; and, standing there together, a crowd trooping past them on its way to the ball-room, they pulled the bonbon asunder.

Bang!

Bang!
"Honours divided!" she exclaimed. "You,
Mr. Herncastle, have the packet, and the motto,
it seems, is my portion."
She read aloud, laughing, and blushing beauti-

fully,-

"Down on your knees, And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's

"Charming, is it not? And what luck have

you?" Lina then hastened to inquire.

Mark had untwisted the pose of thin wire
which bound his package round; and lo! his
share of the spoil was discovered to be the headdress of a jester.

A fool's-cap!" remarked the young man, ruefully. "A fool's cap, Miss Ferris, and nothing less! I wonder whether it fits—somehow, I fancy it will.

"Do not try!" cried Lina; "and then you will never know!"

But it is always best to know the worst," said he, grimly.

"Not always. Is there not a sensible old adage about 'ignorance, being blies'? You know what follows. Please give the ugly thing to

Still laughing, not without embarrassment, and with the rare rose colour still burning on either cheek, she stretched out her hand and took the cap from Mark. Then, folding it quickly, she tore it across and across, and flung the fragments

away.

"There! you will never know whether it would fit or not," she said.

"I liked your motto," observed Mark, sturdily.

"For a wonder, there was sonse in it."

"Yes. The best of sense—Shakespeare's sense," said Lina, brightly. "I best of the experiment, had I not? "I had quite the

"Bonbon mottoes, as a rule, are such idiotic things," said Mark, thoughtfully.

And Lina demurely agreed that they were,

(To be continued.)

MARSH FAIRY.

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CHAPTER VIII .- (continued.)

MARCUS NAYLOR stopped and glanced haughtily at the wretched creature who had dared to block his path; then, under all the rags, the pallor, the growth of beard upon the shrunken cheeks, the age, the misery, the poverty and despair, he recognized—his causin, Vincent Furquhar.

He shrank back and attered a little, gasping ery, afraid, like the coward that he was, of the wrath of the past

He put up his hand as if to ward off a blow, and in a hollow, rasping tone he whispered,—
"Vincent Farquhar! What are you doing

The pallor on Vincent Farquhar's face had deepened, if that were possible, but at the words of the other, a horrible, ghastly sort of smile drew his lips until he looked like a fierce, hungry animal that has scented food after days of starva-

"So you recognize me, Marcus Naylor," he said, in a tone that caused the clerks to stop their work and look up in a violently startled " After all these years, and all the suffering that you have brought upon me, after you have made of me an outcast for fourteen weary years, when I have scarcely dared to look upon the face

of man, you recognize me." The words had given Marcus Naylor time in which to consider what he should do. He draw himself up proudly, and looked un-flinchingly into the eyes of the man whom he had ruined in body if he had been powerless to do so

"What are you doing here?" he demanded

"I have come to demand justice !" eried the "Do you think I do not understand your infernal chemes? You found me out in my poor hiding-place, and you came to rob me of that child-my wife's last born, whom-

He had pointed to Jack, but before he could finish his remark, Marcus Naylor had laid his

hand heavily upon the emaciated arm.
"That!" he gasped. "Is that the boy

me ? Do you think I do not understand every thought of your vile heart? I came here near you that I might hunt you down, but you, villian that you are, you understood how to strike me closest to the soul. You found out my presence, and you came to steal that child from me. But I swear that you shall not doit! I swear that I will have every drop of blood from your vile heart and watch it drip away, drop by drop, before that boy shall remain here one hour longer! I have brought him up pure. I have brought him up in ignorance of his mother's sin, and now you, not estisfied with ruining my life, have come to steal him from me." He clutched at his own throat in wildest rage. "Do you think that I do not know who killed Olive Farquhar? You did it! I know it as well as if I had seen the hand that struck the blow. You committed the crime for which I was condemned! You——"

For a moment Marcus Naylor had fallen back, white and gasping, the picture of confronted guilt; then, with that curious anomaly, bravery that is born of fear, he straightened up, and lifting his arm, he mutioned to a man who stood near

listening to the conversation.
"Jennings," he cried, in a loud voice, "come Arrest that man. He is an escaped convict for whom the authorities have been scouring the country for over ten years. He was convicted of wife murder, of which he is guilty."

The word rang through the building clarionthroated, and as the hand of the bank's detective was placed upon the shoulder of the convict there was a low groan from beside them, and a man caught little Jack as he would have fallen to the

It was Maurice Lemaitre.

CHAPTER IX.

There was a short struggle-piteously short. Vincent Farquhar resisted the authority of an officer, and he was struck violently on the head. He was too weak not to yield at once to the effect of the blow. He fell like a stone to the floor, and with the aid of another officer-that one in uniform whom he summoned-Jennings carried him from the bank.

Maurice Lamaitre turned Jack over to one of

the kind-hearted clerks, telling him to do what was possible for the little follow, and on no account to allow him to leave the bank until his return, then he followed Marcus Naylor into his private office,

"Are you going to the police-station to lodge the complaint against Vincent Farquhar?" he

asked quietly. Marous Naylor glanced at him. He changed colour, appeared uneasy for a moment, then answered in an unsteady tone,-

"I am going there to see what is necessary to be done. I don't see why it should require a formal complaint from me to detain a—a mur-

derer, particularly an escaped convict.

Lemaitre smiled satirically.

But if it should require the complaint, you will make it, will you not?" he asked, still spaking as if he were conversing about the

"Certainly. Why not?" demanded Naylor, defiantly.

"Oh, nothing! I only supposed you would. It must be a great deal more comfortable to know that Vincent Farquhar is eafely landed in jail than that he is wandering about somewhere, liable to drop in on you at any time. I should imagine such a fear an infernally ticklish feeling." feeling.

"Should you?" exclaimed the banker, doggedly. The fact is I am more comfortable myself. Not that I feared him personally, you know, but I was always on the qui vive lest he should turn up some time and kill you.

"You were tramendously interested in my

"No, not the very least in the world, except so far as my own interest was concerned," answered "Don't dare to say it!" cried Farquhar, wild-ly. "Don't dare to say it, else I will kill you where you stand! Do you think you can deceive last fourteen years. I have not had to do a str.ke

of work, and I have lived like a gentleman. You have shelled out pretty generously, and I have no complaint to make of you, my dear fellow. There is but one thing, under the ciroumstances, that could stop my allowance, and that would be your death. Consequently, I am anxious that you should live. One does not get a chance to see a murder committed every day, and particularly not by a fellow that is so anxious to conceal it as you are."

"Curse your imprudence! Hold your tengue ill you? Some one is liable to hear you."

will you? Some one is liable to hear you."
"I may not seem careful, but I am not giving things away in that reckless style. No one shall ever know from me, either by accident or design that you killed Olive Farquhar until you refuse some request of mine. By Jove ! I don't see how it was possible that I was fool enough not to suspeot at once who those people were. There is the girl bearing the name of Olive, and they were so evidently hiding from the police, that

"Then you did not know who that boy was when you brought him here?

No more than the dead.

There was a moment of silence; then with whitened lips the banker said:

" Don't let him leave here until I have seen

His face grew suddenly rigid, and he was about to pass from the room, when Lemaitre placed

to pass from the his hand upon his arm.

"Wait!" he said, more carnestly than he had yet spoken. "I shall want to see you to night about something important. At what hour can I see you alone?

" Another request ?"

"Why don't you state the amount here, and have done with it?" asked Naylor, coldly.

"It is not money this time. It is semething infinitely more than money."
"You will pre s me too far one day."

Lemaitre laughed slightly but enceringly. "I am not afraid of it. A man does not risk his neck when there is the testimony of an eyewitness against him. You will do whatever I demand, Mr. Naylor. Don't let me detain you,

sir."
"Come to-night at eight."

The tone was sullen, but Lemaitre only smiled at that, smiled and followed the banker to the door of the bank whose profits be enjoyed more largely than did the president himself. He watched Mr. Naylor as he stepped into his carriage, then he glanced down the street. As he did so he saw Olive.

She caught sight of him at the same moment,

and dashed up to him half frantically.

"What does it mean?" she gasped. "I saw them take him—father, you know—out of here. I followed to the station, but they would tell me nothing. For Heaven's sake, tell me what it meanst."

He took her by the arm and led the little bare. footed girl into the president's private room before he replied to her. He shut the door, and forcing he replied to her. He shut the door, and forcing her into a great chair, he went to a closet, and taking a bottle of wine from it, poured some in a

glass and held it to her lips.
"Drink that," he said, quiet y, but in a tone of authority. "It will help you to bear up under a terrible shock."

She obeyed him, scarcely conscious of what she

did, then she caught his arm convulsively.

"For Heaven's sake speak!" she gasped.

"Why has he been arvested?"

"Is it possible that you know nothing of your father's past?" he asked, hesitatingly.
"Nothing—nothing!" she groaned.

"I had almost rather have my tongue cut out than tell you the truth, "he said gently; " but it had better come from one who cares for you than from one who is a stranger. Olive, fourteen years ago your father was-convicted ofmurder.

He paused and looked at her. He thought she would faint or cry out, or beseech him to tell her that it was not true; but she did nothing of the kind. She sat there staring at him, as if his words were in another tongue of which she knew nothing. For a moment be seemed afraid, then thinking it was best at any cost to arouse her

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from the lethargy that had fallen upon her, he said almost harshly:

"Olive, your mother committed a sin—a sin which half the women in the world commit and go scot free ; but your father killed her for it !" "It is a lie !"

There was not the slightest emotion in her voice. It was cold and hard, and dry as death. Still it was something, and Lemaitre seemed to breathe more freely.

"It is unfortunately true," he answered. "He was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for The penitentiary burned and he escaped. For more than ten years the authorities have searched for him without success. To day they have recaptured him."

have recaptured him."

She sat like a stone, staring at him dumbly.
"What will they do with him now?" she asked at last, mechanically.

"Return him to prison," answered Lemaitre, not without an evidence of sympathy.

"And he will be forced to remain there?"

"Yes"

She sat for a moment in horrible, dry-eyed silence, then, like an old woman stiff with age, she arose, and in a tone which Lemaitre never forgot to his dying day, she said: "Jack and I have caused this—Jack and I!"

She tottered toward the door, but -Lemaitre caught her arm.

"Where are you going?" he cried.
"I don't know," she 'answered, dully. "To e-him, I'think."

"But they won't let you see him."
"Won't they? Well, at least I can try."

"Then let me go with you."

"No, no. I had rather be alone." "But you will come back here afterward?"

"Yes, I will come back."

And he watched her go, feeling that, after all, it might be better for her to be alone; but the smile upon his face was not one of human sympathy, it was one of triumph.

And Olive went on blindly, the one pitcous cry of her heart being:
"It was Jack and I that did it—Jack and I!

But it was not toward the station that her steps were directed. Blindly as she staggered onward, she seemed to know the direction that she wished to follow, and she followed it.

She came to a large building at last and stopped before it for a moment, then slowly and wearily she mounted the steps. On the first door, in the hall, she saw the name in large letters:

"NOEL CHATTERIS," Attorney at Law."

She opened the door quietly and went in. Noel Chatteris was there, alone. He glanced up as the door opened. He was upon his feet in an instant.

"Olive!" he cried, "what has happened? Why, child, you look like death!" He took her hand, and would have led her to a

chair, but she drew back.

"They have arrested my father," she answered dully, her lips stiff and numb. "They say that he killed my mother fourteen years ago, and that he is an escaped convict. He may be an escaped convict, but he never committed a murder. It is a lie! He never committed a murder!

For one moment the brave - hearted man For one moment the brave-hearted man seemed to stagger under the surprise of it all, then the sympathy of his great nature surged to the surface—that sympathy which is the strong-est and the most beautiful trait that ever formed the basis of the character of any man-and he took her hand again.

"Have courage, little one," he said, gently.
"If your father is innecent, I swear to you that it shall be proved, if it lies within the power of mortal man to prove it."

Her whole countenance was transformed with glowing hope.

"You will do it for me?" she asked, her voice tremulous with joy.
"I will do it for you," he answered.

CHAPTER X.

MADEL NAYLOR had rarely, if ever, looked more beautiful than she did that evening when her father returned from the bank.

She arose and kissed him as usual when he came into the room where she waited.

"You are late, papa," she said to him, with a little emile. "Dinner has been waiting at least five minutes."

" And the guests-where are they ?"

"There are none to-night. You and I are to have a delightful little tête-à-tête.'

"What a luxury! Will you excuse me if I am comfortable for one evening, then, and leave off my regimentals?"

"Certainly. Come as you are. Now tell me te news. What detained you?" His face clouded and he looked away from her.

There was just one person in the world whom Marcus Naylor genuinely loved, and that was his

It has always seemed to me that a love is desper and stronger with men of that class than any other. The love never extends further than one person, and is absolutely absorbing. It is the love of the animal—the brutish, passionate, blinding sort of adoration that perhaps should not be dignified by the name that we apply to the holiest centiment Heaven has created; and yet there is none other for it.

But such was the feeling that Marcus Naylor

entertained for his daughter. He worshipped her. Day by day and year by year she had grown into his life, until she had become the very nucleus of his soul. She was more than life to him more than wealth, or honour, or even Heaven. There was nothing that he ever had denied her, nothing that he ever could; and by a word or look she ruled him as a man rules his dog.

He hesitated to tell her of the occurrences of the day; yet he knew that she would read them in the papers the following morning, and realised that it was better that he should tell her himself. Therefore, after a moment of indecision, he turned his face to her again and kissed her upon the

"I have been living over an old sorrow again to-day," he said, with a little sigh that was not all affectation, "and it has hurt me deeper, I think, than it did at first."

You mean-" I mean the old story of Vincent Farquhar !"

She had heard it years before from his own lips—heard it as he wished her to hear it, from his standpoint alone—and when he mentioned the name she slipped her arm about his neck and kissed him.

"And why has that ghost of departed days risen again from ite grave?" she asked. "Have you heard anything of the man?"

"He was at my office when I went there this morning."
"Really?"

"What did you do?"
"I was forced to hand him over to the police. He is in jail,"

What did he do to-day?"

Marcus Naylor sighed again before replying; then, not daring to look his daughter in the eyes, he replied, slowly:

"He accused me of being the guilty one. He said that I killed his wife."

For a moment there was not a word spoken. Mabel Naylor stared at him in blank astonishment, then her eyes flashed with indignant fire.
"He dared?" she exclaimed, breathlessly.
"He dared."

"And you did not kill him where he stood?" Should I not have been a genuine murderer if I had? No; I am not of the kind that kills, Mabel, but only proves. But there is one thing that has hurt me almost as deeply as the charge

that he brings. What is that ?"

"I hesitate to tell you, my dear one, because it will be a blow aimed at your heart as well. Still, you must know in time."

Do you doubt my bravery ?"

"No; and I know you to be true as steel. I

went to your fiancée, Mabel, to see what it would be necessary for me to do.

" Well ? "I found that he had been engaged by the other side.

"I-don't think I-quite understand you,"

she said, hesitatingly.

"It is simple enough. Noel Chatteris has been engaged to defend Vincent Farquhar. He has refused to allow the convict to acknowledge his identity, in order to gain time and not to be re-turned to the prison at once. They have got to send there for an officer before he can be removed, and by that time Chatteris will think of some other means."

Do you mean me to understand that Noel Chatteris has undertaken to defend the man who

has accused you of a crime?"
"That is exactly what I mean. When I went there to day, I found Farquhar's daughter. She is a little, ragged, barefooted thing, but the most beautiful child I ever saw. Her name too,

"Olive!" cried Mabel, standing back and looking into his face with flashing eyes. "I understand it now. Noel-Chatteris has chosen to insult me, but if he persists in it, he shall regret it to the last day of his life!"

"That is like my daughter!" exclaimed Naylor, unable to conceal his admiration, even if he had so desired. "She is always brave, and I could come to you for assistance in almost any strait, Mabel."

"You would never find me wanting in courage." She said it in a way that made him shudder, somehow. It was curious but it would have hurt Marcus Naylor as no hing else under Heaven had power to do to find that his daughter was not the perfect creature he had always believed her. He might be bad himself, but he want d to conceal it from her. He did not want her to be like him. He-wanted her pure and good and honest. It would have hur him to have her tolerate it in him as much as in another. It was the inconsistency of a bad man, but it was an inconsistency

that touched his heart very closely.

They were summoned to dinner, and before the servants neither of them cared to discuss the matter, but both saw the restraint and knew where the other's thoughts were.

The servant announced a gentleman to see Mr. Naylor before the meal was over, and she had only time to say to him as they were leaving the room:

"Don't let it distress you that Noel Chatteris is on the other side. He surely does not understand. I will see that he withdraws from the case at once.

She touched his cheek with her lips, and swept upstairs; but once alone, the unconcerned manner left her.

She sat down by the window where the cool night air blew upon her hot cheek, and for a long time stared up at the stars, her hands clasped so closely that the long nails cut the flesh. Her lips were closely set, but after a time she opened them and whispered:

It can't be that he has really fallen in love with that girl. It can't be that a barefooted, uneducated creature of the marshes can have tempted him from me. I won't believe it. But if it should prove true—I don't believe I even knew how well I loved him before, but—well, I shall deserve to be my father's daughter if they tempt me too far !

She smiled curiously, then got up and went down-stairs.

Inside the library Marcus Naylor was talking as coolly with Maurice Lemaitre as if he were speaking of some event of social interest, but his

words were not of the same character.
"I was detained, and have only just finished my dinner," he said, calmly. "You should have my dinner," he said, calmly. "You should have come earlier and joined us. Did you hear any news in-town?'

"Yes. Farquhar is very ill. Chatteris has had him removed to the hospital."

"That is to gain more time, I suppose?"
"I think so. There is something rather curious in it all to me. They had a long talk to-day. Chatteris came out looking very serious. Are

you quite sure that Farquhar has no proof

you quite san against you?"

"Absolutely."

"Humph! I am glad of that. I don't wish to exposed. That would not suit my purhave you exposed. That you now at all."

Naylor looked annoyed.

"It is not necessary that you should speak like that here," he said, quietly. "Yes, it is. It is very stupid of you; but unless I preliminate my remarks with a reference to your guilt I always have trouble with you, and I wish to avoid that to-night.'

wish to avoid that to might."
"What is it that you want now?"
Lemaitre did not reply at once. He leaned forward a little. His handsome face contained a sinister expression that robbed it of something of

" I am about to confer an honour upon you, he said, slowly, "that perhaps you may not exactly appreciate at first, but as soon as you have considered it you will do so. I want to marry your daughter, Mr. Naylor."

CHAPTER XI.

It was dreary and desolate enough surely, the picture that Olive made as she sat alone in Noel Chatteris's handsome office, surrounded by every

luxury that wealth could purchase, yet as utterly apart from it as if the ocean rolled between.

She was still bare of foot and most poorly dressed. Her bonnet hung down her back with the old carelessness, but her face was not to be seen. Her arms were crossed upon Noel's desk,

and her face hidden upon them.

It was strangely pathetic, that little bowed figure there in the midst of elegance and apparent happiness, and so Noel Chatteris seemed to think when he entered the office. She did not hear him, and he stood at the back of her, staring at her for a few moments, then he threw his hat upon the table and placed his hand upon her shoulder.

There was nothing familiar in the action, but only pity and tenderness, and she glanced up, her wan face drawing into a smile that was further

from mirth than tears.

"Come, cheer up, little one l" he said, endea-vouring to speak with more courage than he felt. "There is no reason why you should give way like this. You must bear up bravely for your father's sake."

"You have seen him?"

There was eagerness in her tone, and his face changed curiously. An expression that was un-translatable crossed it. He looked over her head and up at the door in a puzzled way as he answered her.

"Yes, I have seen him," he said, slowly.

" And you believe he is—guilty?

The eyes came down at once. Chatteris sprang to his feet and paced hastily up and down the floor for a little while, then he paused beside her with his brows curiously knit.

"I believe he is-a martyr," he said, quietly,

but with an evidence of deep emotion.

Olive caught his hand between her own and kissed it. For the first time since she had heard her father accused, tears rolled down her cheeks, a flush suffused her face, and her eyes gleamed like twin stars.

"Heaven bless you for that!" she caled, passionately—"Heaven bless you for that! I knew it all along, but I wanted some one else to share the belief with me—I wanted some one else to believe it who did not love him as I do. I wanted to feel that it was not love alone which made him appear innocent, but that he is really guiltless. Oh, if you but knew him as I do, you would see how impossible it is for him to ever have committed a crime! He is so good, so gentle, so noble, and patient and true! I might believe that I could murder, but never that my father could do it. And now you believe it too!

It seems too good to be true?"

He smiled and patted her head as he might have done that of a little child, but his face was

strangely grave under the smile, and there seemed to be an element of intense pain in the expression as well. Then he walked quickly up

expression as well. Then he had not search and down the floor again.

Her eagerness made her radiantly beautiful, and he would have been more or less than man if he had not seen it, as she dried her eyes and

"Whom do you think did it ?" she questioned "who was it that murdered-my mother?

He neither paused nor looked at her after that first glance, but answered almost shortly,—
"How should I know? I was not there, and have not had time to look into the evidence."

"But you must have formed some suspicion from what he has told you, and surely you know that you can trust me. You must have formed some idea. Why, even I have, from things that

have occurred in the past."

He hesitated for a moment, evidently struggling to keep himself from putting a question to her, but he yielded to the temptation, and without looking at her, and with bowed

head, he said .-

"Whom do you think did it ?"

"I may be cruelly wrong—criminally wrong—but my father seemed so horrified when I told him where Jack had gone, I shall never forget it. I thought I had killed him. And he went straight to the bank. There is but one answer to your question. I think Marcus Naylor did

In spite of the fact that she had prepared him for the name that was to follow, Chatteris started. She did not observe it, however, and

continued, excitedly,—
"I don't know, I can't understand what connection a wealthy banker can ever have had with our poor family; but perhaps we were not always as we are now. Perhaps—" "Marcus Naylor is your father's first cousin." He did not know why he said that, but some-

thing prompted him to it, and he spoke the words without considering them. Olive sprang up, catching her breath in a sob of excitement.

Then you think that Marcus Naylor did it ?"

He started as if she had struck him. His face was as pale as death, and showed curiously against his dark moustache and hair. He looked at her for a moment, almost like an animal at bay, then he said, hoarsely,—

"Why do you ask me a question like that? I am the betrothed husband of Marcus Naylor's

daughter.

He said it with a curious inflection, doggedly, as if he were ashamed of himself and his convictious and would not yield to them. There was a feeling struggling through his heart that he was striving with all his might to force back, almost without recognizing it.

Olive sank back into her chair. She felt almost as if he had struck her a blow in the face. She looked dazed for a moment, then with an abandonment to a new despair, she cried out,—
"True, I had forgotten. Then he is lost. It

seems too hard!"

seems too hard!"
"What are you talking about?" exclaimed
Noel, sharply. "Why should all be lost?"
"You will be offended with me if I answer you,
and yet I must. You will discover that the
father of your promised wife is the guilty man,
and you will abandon us. I can not blame you

for it, for-"Hush!" he cried, roughly. "You don't know what you are ta'king about. Marcus Naylor is as innocent of that crime as you are. It must be so, I tell you. It can not, must not be otherwise. I am not afraid to test it. I should not deserve the daughter whom I have won if I did not believe it, and to abandon your father now would seem as if I feared to go on. I shall sift the case to the very bottom!

He spoke with a certain bravado, but some-thing in the tones of the voice told Olive that he did not believe that which he was trying to force himself to believe. Something in his manner told her that he doubted Marcus Naylor's in-nocence, even while trying to convince himself

(To be continued.)

IN SWEET SEPTEMBER.

-:0:-

(Continued from page 441.)

"Don't talk of repayment, my child, for it reminds me that I owe you a debt, which nothing on my part can cancel."

Lady Newlyn took a seat opposite her young

secretary, and began peeling the peach.
"You are a brave girl, Lenore," she said, when
her task was completed, and she sat watching her companion daintily nibbling at the perfumed fruit," and on the night of the fire you proved the stuff you were made of. You were not like Certrude—thinking of your own special little belongings, and careless of the human lives that might meanwhile be sacrificed. I was witness of the scene, though she was not aware of that fact. But do you know, Lenore, a small bag of yours was found at the bottom of the avenue, near the Lodge gates, that same night, and how it got there has always been a mystery. Can you ex-

Lenore coloured deeply, but she felt that after Lady Newlyn's kindness she could do no less than

confess the truth to her.

"I was leaving the Court for good," she answered, with downbent head. "It was the sight of the fire that made me come back."

"And why were you leaving? You need not be afraid of making a Mother-Confessor of me." Simply and candidly Lenore told of her en-gagement to Kenneth, of his uncle's opposition, and of Colonel Seymour's revelation of her

mother's crime.

"Repeat to me exactly what Colonel Seymour

said," Lady Newlyn commanded quietly.

"He said that my father's name was Everard Hastings, and that my mother had been a Miss Hastings, and that my mother had been a miss Newlyn—a niece of yours; but before his marriage my father had been engaged to your only daughter and although the engagement was broken off, the two remained greatly attached to broken off, the two remained greatly attached to each other, and my mother was very jealous in consequence. When I was little more than a baby, my parents came to stay at Newlyn Court, and one day, in a fit of jealous rage, my mother stabbed her husband fatally, but before she could be arrested, she made her escape from the Court, taking me with her, and so contrived to clude justice. Since then she lived in great seclusion under an assumed name, having hought an under an assumed name, having bought an annuity with the proceeds of some valuable dia-monds which she had taken away with her."

"How did Colonel Seymour recognise your

"Through a little brooch which he picked up, and which he himself had given to my mother as a wedding present-

Lenore bent forward towards Lady Newlyn, her hands clasped eagerly together.
"Was this story true, Lady Newlyn? He swore
to me that it was."

"And he swore what he believed to be the truth. That the most important part of the story was not told to you, can hardly be the Colonel's fault, as he was in ignorance of it. Was it for this reason that you were going to leave the Court ?

"Yes, I could not bear the idea of bringing dis-

grace on Kenneth.
"So you promised his uncle to give him up?"
"What else could I do?"

"Nothing—being the sensitive, proud little creature you are," Lady Newlyn returned, with a half smile. "Now let me correct Colonel Seyhalf smile. "Now let me correct Colonel Sey-mour's narrative. It is true that your father, Everard Hastings, was in love with my only child, Elsinore, but their engagement was broken off by her in a sudden fit of passion, brought about by some trifling offence on his part. Ever since her earliest childhood Elsie had been subject to these outbursts of fury, and as she grew older they were more difficult to curb—in fact, it was impossible to curb them, and during the time she was under their influence, she was more like a mad creature than anything else. I believe she remained passionately in love with your father, but I did not suspect it at the time, otherwise I should never have invited him and his wife and

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child down to the Court, about two or three years after they were married. I soon saw my mistake, for although Elsie was my own daughter, I could not be blind to the efforts she made to wake up Everard's former love for her.

"Whether she succeeded or not I cannot say, but she certainly made your mother wretchedly jealous, and the poor woman grew to think that she had lost her husband's love. I believe there were scenes of violent recrimination between the young married pair, and I resolved to put an end to the whole miserable business by leaving the Court and going abroad, taking Elsinore with me. The very day before Everard and his wife were to go away, he was found in her sitting-room, stabbed in the breast, and a neonscious. A doctor was quickly summoned, and then it was discovered that half of the knife-blade remained in the wound. When it was extracted, it was found to belong to a Moorish dagger, belonging to your mother, and in your father's cleuched hands, was a scrap of fine Shetland knitting, evidently torn out of a shawl, which she was accustomed to wear. The shawl was afterwards discovered in her bedroom, stained with blood, and with a small hole in it corresponding to the fragment. Of course, suspicion fell on her, as her maid proved that she and her husband had quarrelled that same morn-ing, and moreover she had left the house. The hilt half of the dagger could not be found, so it was supposed that directly after the commission of the crime, she had taken it away with her. Everard did not survive more than an hour after the doctor came, but he recovered consciousness sufficiently to understand the position, and his last words were,-

"Do not blame her, it was my fault in the

"What he meant by those words, he could not explain, but we supposed he alluded to his wife."
"And did he not?" exclaimed Lenore, who had listened with breathless interest to the

"No, by the light of after events, I believe, he spoke of Elsinore, my daughter, for she it was who really murdered him, although I did not know it for long years afterwards. I took her abroad at once, but she got more restless and moody than ever, while her fits of passion became more frequent.

ength I took her to a doctor, who was a specialist in brain diseases, and he informed me that her brain was seriously affected—in fact, that she was insane, and it was dangerous for

her to be at liberty.

"He advised me to have her taken to a lunatic asylum, but this I absolutely refused to do. Perhaps I was wrong, but she was my only child, and I had no one else to care for, therefore I had an attendant, for her who was used to these cases. and she had a suite of apartments in the south wing of the house, which was unoccupied by any other member of the household.

"And so the years went by, she growing gradu-ly worse, until at last she was a hopeless aniac. But now and then she had dropped words which made my blood run cold with horror,

for they accused her of a terrible crime, and little by little I grew to suspect what the truth might be, although, of course, I could not legally prove it. Still, I caused inquiries to be made as to the whereabouts of your mother, who, during all these years had remained in hiding.

"For three years my inquiries were of no avail; then an accident put the detective I was employing on the right track, and he told me he thought he had discovered the lady I was seeking in a Mrs. Francis, who lived in great seclusion in a little midland village, called Dingley. Accordingly, I went down to Dingley, and asy your mother on the very evening of her death."

"Then it was you who passed me in the shrub-

bery?" interupted Lenore, eagerly.
"Yes, it was I; but I was considerably agitated by the interview, and did not want to meet you. Your mother had solemnly asserted her innocence, and had told me how it was she had fled from the Court.

"It was true she and her husband had a quarrel, and in her wild frenzy she had vowed

self with all the money she had, and her jewels, she had secretly quitted the Court, and gone to London. While there she read in the papers the account of her huband's death, and of the strong presumptive evidence that his wife had murdered him. This frightened her, and she resolved not to return to the Court, thus strengthening the idea of her guilt in the mind of the public generally.

Poor mother!" murmured Lenore, hiding

"You may well pity her, for her life was in-deed a sad one," Lady Newlyn returned. "As it chanced, I knew something of the Vicar of Dingley, and shortly after my hurried visit, I wrote to ask him for news of the so-called Mrs. Francis—she had promised to write to me, but

"Then I learned she was dead, and I was there-upon struck with the idea of getting you here as

my secretary.

"It was the only way in which I could look after you without betraying the tie existing between us—for you are my second cousin, Lenore, and as nearly related to me as Gertrude Newlyn On your arrival I did not tell you of Elsinore's presence in the south wing for fear of frightening you; but that very night she con-trived to elude her keeper, and was wandering about the passages."

"Then it was she who made the hissing sound

that alarmed me so much ?"

"Yes. Her mania had taken the form of a fancy that she was a Lamia, or serpent-woman—and, indeed, I sometimes believed she was!"
Lady Newlyn added, shuddering. "She was much worse than usual, and I had really serious thoughts of taking the doctor's advice, and sending her to a maison de santé, when the fire took place in the south wing. I think there can be little doubt that she was the originator of it." Lenore was silent. She recoiled from telling

the poor mother that she herself had witnessed

Elsinore's wild action.
"Well," Lady Newlyn continued, sighing. "I suppose the truth will never be known, nor does it matter much now, for she is dead, and beyond all reproaches. You did your best to save her, and she, in return, and not knowing what she did, imperilled both your life and her own. From the very first moment he saw her, after her fall from the window, the doctor said she could not possibly live; but a strange effect resulted from the external injury to her head—her brain became quite clear, and she remembered everything with the utmost distinctness.

"I told her the identity of the girl who had tried to save her life, and, just before she died, she confessed that it was her hand that had driven the dagger into your father's heart. It seems that he had reproached her with being the cause of his quarrel with his wife, and in one of her wild paroxysms of rage she had caught up the knife and stabbed him.

"The tragedy took place in your mother's sitting-room whither Elsie had gone to take back a shawl she had borrowed—the very shawl that was stained with poor Everard's blood. Un-luckily he was in the room when she entered, and your mother could only just have left the

"Afterwards, with the cunning of madness, Elsie succeeded in keeping her crime secret, and although, as I told you before, I suspected her guilt, I was never sure of it until the day before her death. So you see, Lenore, when you talk of owing me gratitude, that it is, in effect, I who have an immense debt to pay you—a debt which I fear can never be cancelled!"

Two days later Lenore was sitting alone in the morning-room of the Court, gazing out rather wistfully at the hollyhocks and dahlias, flaunting their bright colour in the soft September sun-shine, when a gentle knock at the door was followed by the entrance of Kenneth Seymour.

She half rose to her feet, her cheeks growing crimson as the carnations on her lap; but she said nothing, and the young man came forward, and dropped on one knee at her side.

ehe would leave him for ever.
"So, taking you with her, and providing her- he sa'd half playfully, half earnestly. "I had a

long interview with Lady Newlyn yesterday, and she told me that if her consent to my wooing went for anything she would give it me very will-

But your uncle !" murmured the young

girl, almost below her breath.

"My uncle, too, has had an interview with Lady Newlyn, and he also gives his consent. Have you any other objections to make?"
She had none. She could go to him now with a clear conscience, and with no fear of the stain

of inherited dishonour, and as she raised her sweet eyes to his Kenneth read in them an extremely satisfactory answer. He caught her to him in a very costacy of delight, showering kisses on her lips, her brow, her hair, until at last Lenore drew herself away, declaring laughingly that she was breathless.

"You have so much to make up to me," the young man exclaimed, still keeping both her hands prisoners in his. "You were so cruel to me when you sent me away. Ah, Lenore, how could you do it?"

"If I was cruel to you, I was cruel to myself as well."

"Yes, but I did not know that, and for a little while I did you the injustice of believing that you were afraid to marry a penniless lover."

"But you know better now," she whispered, and of her own accord, she laid her head on his shoulders, to Kenneth's huge delight.

"Yes, I know now that it was for my sake you

wrote that cruel letter, but I should not have known it if Lady Newlyn had not told me. I really think, Lenore, I will never forgive my uncle—he has certainly not played a brilliant part in the matter."

"He acted for the best, from his point of

"Perhaps so, but his point of view was an extremely narrow one. No, I don't think I'll ever forgive him."

But Kenneth was so very happy that he could not help forgiving him. And the Colonel did his best to make amends for his former iniquities by behaving with the greatest possible amiability to Lenore, and telling every one that he was delighted with his nephew's prospective bride.

Perhaps part of his delight arose from the fact that Lady Newlyn had informed him she intended making Lenore her co-heiress with Gertrude—an arrangement that Gertrude by no means approved of. So horribly disappointed was she at the way matters had turned out, that she declared she could not possibly remain at the Court, and her mother therefore took her on a prolonged Continental tour.

It was Lady Newlyn's wish that Lenore should marry Kenneth as speedily as possible, and as there was no reason for delay, the wedding was fixed for the end of the month. And so, on the last day of September, Lenore stood at the altar with the misty folds of the bridal veil falling over her happy face, and the waxen orange blossoms crowning her hair, while the bells rang out in glad peals, and the sunshine flooded all the

and with golden glory.

"Did I not tell you, darling," whispered her husband, as he drew her arm through his, "that happiness would come to us 'In sweet Sentember.'?" September

[THE END.]

By placing two iron bars at seven or eight yards distance from each other, and putting them in communication on one side by an insulated wire, and on the other with a telephone, it is said that a sto m can be predicted twelve hours ahead, through a certain dead sound heard in the receiver.

A COMPARATIVE anatomist says that the little toe has got to go; that it is a useless appendage, already showing signs of degeneration, or withering away. It is proved that the horse, in the course of several centuries, has dropped four toes, and now travels on one; and some think that man's pedal extremities are bound to follow a similar line of evolution. In the horse it is the middle digit which has survived as the fittest. In man it will be the first, or great big toe.

FACETIÆ.

THE only man on earth who thinks twice before he speaks once is the man who stutters.

Mrs. McGlone says she can never trust her husband out of her sight unless she is with him.

Though the ship's cook may boast his ability to prepare a good meal, he generally makes a "mess" of it.

Dr. Johnson being asked to give a definition of nonsense replied, "sir, it is nonsense to bolt the door with a boiled carrot."

HE: "Do you believe in love at first sight?"
She: "I do, if it is accompanied by the engagement-ring."

"Meer all your troubles half way," says a writer. We think a better plan would be to make a detour and try to get around them.

IN A RESTAURANT.—Diner: "This turkey is the toughest thing I ever ate." Waiter: "Then you never tried our steaks, sir."

If a great many waiters paid more attention to deserving a tip and less to getting it, they would fare better, and so would those they wait on.

WIFE (excitedly): "If you go on like this I shall certainly lose my temper." Husband: "No danger, my dear. A thing of that size is not easily lost."

The boy who quoted in his composition, "Sweat are the uses of adversity," was not so far out of the way. Poverty and perspiration are frequent companions.

HE: "How do you like my new hat, Miss Arabella? Better than my travelling cap?" Arabella: "Oh, much better. It shows less of your face."

BLOOBUMPER (angrily): "That brother of yours called me a fool to-day." Mrs. Bloobumper: "That's just like poor Tom! He always would blurt out family secrets."

WRITING a letter is, to many people, an irksome task; but it isn't half so irksome as it is to hear a lawyer reading your letter aloud five years afterwards in open court.

"Has Sally accepted you, Horace?" asked Porter, when he met a friend on Tuesday night. "No, my dear boy; I am rejected, and she now numbers me among the souvenir spoons."

SAID a friend to a bookseller, "The book trade is affected, I suppose, by the general depression. What kind of books feel it most?" "Pocketbooks," was the laconic reply.

MISTRESS (angrily). "See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust!" Servaut (admir.ngly): "Oh, mum, that's more than I can do. There's nothin' like eddication, after all, is there, mum?"

First Doctor: "I hear, old fellow, that you treated my neighbour for typhus. Was it a bad case?" Second Ditto: "A very had case; the mau didn't pay his bill."

REFORTER: "I hardly know what adjective to use in describing Miss Faraway?" Friend: "Why not call her bonny?" Reporter: "Heavens! No. The compositors might set it up bony."

Husband (irritably): "Can't you remember where I said I left my glasses at breakfast this morning?" Wife: "I'm sony, dear; I really can't." Husband (peevishly): "That just shows the forgetfulness of women."

"That hen cost you £50? Impossible! She looks like the commonest kind of barn-yard fowl." "I'm counting the cost of the incubator and the eggs. That was the only one that hatched."

HE (poor and idle): "You reject my hand. Cruel girl! Reserve your decision or I shall do something desperate!" She (an heires who knows he woos her to be maintained): "Go to work, I suppose."

DOCTOR (to patient who has come two miles to the doctor's office, in order to save the extra cost of a visiting fee): Good gracious, man, you are not fit to be out of the house! Go home at once, and I will call in a couple of hours and prescribe for you."

"Do you believe in the "transmigration of souls?" "Not I. And you?" "I am convince of it." "Indeed! Then what were you once upon a 'time!" "An ass." "When!" "When I lent you that sovereign!"

STURDIS: "We indulge in domestic drama every night at our house." Parkes: "Indeed! Who take part!" Sturgis: "My three-monthsold daughter is leading lady, and I do a walkinggentleman part."

PAPA: "No, my dear, I would not wear tancoloured gloves—they don't match your dress." His Heiress: "Dear me—neither do they? But then "—brightening—"you know, papa, I can get a dress and a wrap and a bonnet and a parasol to match the gloves."

"TROUBLED with sleeplessness, sh' "Eat something before going to bed," said the doctor. "Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed." "That, madam, was in 1889. Science has made great strides since then," replied the doctor, with dignity.

The Father: "Why don't you go to work and make a place for yourself in the world? You are not known in the business community except as the idle son of a successful banker." The Son: "And you are not known in society except as the father of the champion leader of the German."

A waiten was told by a countryman to "bring something of what he had." The waiter brought him a regular dinner upon small dishes, as is the usual form, and set them round his plate. The countryman surveyed them carefully a moment, and then broke out, "Well, I like your samples, now bring on your dinner."

First Beggar: "Where did you get that fine overcoat?" Second Beggar: "In the big house at the corner. I went there only this mornin', shiverin' with cold, an' they wouldn't give me a a rag. I didu't ask for clothes fer meself. I told 'em it was fer the poor heathen in Darkest Africa."

Miss Gush: "So you teach at college? That must be so nice. And you teach the students all sorts of languages. I suppose they never speak English at all?" Professor: "Very seldom speak it." Miss Gush: "There, I was sure of it! What language do they speak most? Greek or Latin or—" Professor: "Slang."

Greek or Latin or—" Professor: "Slang."
A SURPRISING answer was elicited at a recent examination at a board school in London. "Who was David?" asked the inspector. "King of Israel and the son of Jesse," replied a bright boy. "Who was Jesse?" continued the inspector. "The Flower of Dunblane," said the scholar, after a slight pause.

Scene: A railway-carriage. Miss Brown, an enthusiastic English tourist to phlegmatic Dutch lady travelling in Switzerland, gazing out of the window and apostrophising the scenery: "Grand! glorious! magnificent! sublime!" Dutch lady: "But what a pity dat de mountains shut out de view!"

MRS. BINKS: "In one part of this paper it says that fresh bread can be cut easily and evenly by heating the knife before using it." Mr. Binks: "Yes." Mrs. Binks: "And in another column it says that heating a knite will ruin it." Mr. Binks: "Yes." Mrs. Binks: "How do you explain that?" Mr. Binks: "The paper has two editors."

SCHOOLMISTRESS: "Come here, Charlie, and let me hear you recite your lesson. Why, what is the matter? What are you crying for?" Charlie: "Some of the big boys made me kiss a little girl out in the schoolyard. Boo, hoo!" "Why that is outrageous. Why did you not come right to me!" "I didn't know that you would let me kiss you."

"JOHNNIE, a bright boy of six years, while being dressed for school, observing his little overcoat much the worse for wear and very much repaired, turned quickly to his mother, and asked: "Ma, is pa rich?" Ma: "Yes, very rich, Johnnie; he is worth two millious and a half." Johnnie: "What in, ma?" Ma: "Oh, he values you at one million, me at one million, and baby at half a million." Johnnie, after thinking a moment: "Ma, tell pa to sell the baby and buy us some clothes."

"I THINK Mr. A. is so elever and original," said a young hostess to a literary man who was Gining with her the other day. "Do not you?" "Well, he is a good fellow enough, but I should hardly call him that," was the answer. "But he really says such very good things," she insisted." For instance, yesterday afternoon at Mrs. B.'s he made such a clever-renark about tea. I forget what it was, but it was senething about the cup cheering one up." "Hardly the cup which cheers but not include: "suggested her meighbor, griuning. ""Wny," she exclaimed, innocently, "that's just what it was; were you there?"

Is the waiting-room of the military commission in a Russian town sat two fathers of families in deep anxiety about the fate of their sons, which would be shortly decided by the said commission. "I am at a loss," said one, "what to say, if I am asked the age of my son. If I make him out to be younger than he is, he will be sent to school; if I make him too old, they'll stick him in the army. What am I to do?" "How would it be if you told the commission his exact age!" inquired his friend. The first speaker looked up in amazement. "What a capital idea; I had never thought of that!"

A MISSIONARY from Africa fells the following story:—"One day an old chief came to me, with two wives, one old, the other young and wanted to join my church. I teld him we didn't allow a man to have more than one wife. He went away, and the next week came back with the young wife beth of them smiling, and said,—"Now me join church; me all right now." Where is your old wife?" I asked. "She all right too; me eat her up," placidly answered the old savage. I postponed the decision as to his application for admission to a more convenient season."

"MAMAA, does the dictionary have all the words in it?" "Yes," "An' what they words they is?" "Yes." "An' what they worn?" "Yes." "Can I look in the dictionary just a moment, mamma?" "Yes, yes, and keep still while mamma talks with Dr. Autibrigues." Johnny disappeared into the library, and keep still while mamma talks with Dr. Autibrigues." Johnny disappeared into the library, and keep still while mammally with the weight of Wobster unabridged. "I can't find it, mamma," he observed with a frown. "What is it you want to find, Johnny?" asked the doctor. "What papa said when I breaked his shaving mug," was the boy's innocent but suggestive remark.

An actor now famous made his first appearance on the stage in a provincial city. He was young and nervous, and failed dismally in the part he was trying to present, and soon found himself the target for an assortment of disagreeable brica-brac. One of his disquisted auditors flung a cabbage-head at him. As it fell on the stage the actor picked it up, and atopped forward to the footlights. He raised his hand to command silence, and pointing to the cabbage-head, aid: "Ladies and gentlemen, I expected to please you with my acting, but I confess fidid not expect that any one in the audience would less his head over:it." He was allowed to proceed without further molastation.

Hs was carefully shaving around the wart on his neck as the warm sunlight of the autumn morn streamed through the window, when his wife rushed excitedly into the apartment. Her eyes were staring wildly and her face was pale. "John—" a responsive thrill passed through his frame—" she's gone." He turned quickly. Excebodings filled his breast and his lips turned ghastly white. "The cook, John, that ungrateful wretch that we paid a month in advance." Struggling for breach he sank upon the bedroom chair and groaned. "Mary," he gasped, elutching convulsively at his throat, as if to assist his laboured respiration, "the girl's eloped." "How do you know?" she demanded. "Heard her leave the house by a rope ladder and fall into a man's arms outside." "And why "(almost hrieking) "didn't you stop her?" "Mary" (the solemn sadness of his look was touching) "I never dreamed it was the cock. I thought it was our daughter Julia, and I held my breath for fear of spoiling it all."

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SOCIETY.

THE plans of Lord Salisbury's villa in the South of France were prepared by Lady Salisbury.

THE Sultan of Johore's wedding present to Princess Marie of Edinburgh was a tea service of silver gilt, beautifully chased after early Victorian designs, in eight pieces.

THE latest report of matrimonial arrangements in the family of the Prince and Princess of Wales is that Princess Maud will marry Prince Adolphus of Teck.

The already tolerably bright prospect of a busy and prosperous London season is rendered brighter still by the extreme probability that the Royal wedding which every one is anticipating will be solemnised in the metropolis. Windsor, in the circumstances, is generally considered to be out of the question, and all the conditions point to a marriage at the same altar at which the prospective bridegroom's eldest sister was united to the Duke of Fife.

It is the rule in Austria and Germany that all the members of the imperial family, boys and girls, shall learn a trade. On account of this the Queen of Spain was enabled to do a little unpremeditated act of cleverness which greatly added to her popularity with working people. Visiting the famous factory of messics at Orio, she stopped to watch one of the workinen for a few moments and then asked him to let her finish his job. Then taking his seat she completed in the most deft and workmanlike manner the mosaic he had commenced, according to the methods she learned when a little archduchess, with no idea of becoming a queen.

The resigning Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigma-ingen is an artist of considerable merit, and paints more assiduously that the Queen did in her youth. She has just presented the Brussels Gallery of Modern Pictures with a large and beautiful flower-piece. Curiously enough, her sister-in-law, the Countess of Flanders, is a skilful etcher, and, like both her daughters, frequently exhibits her works in the Belgian salons. The last water-colour exhibition in Brussels contained sketches by the Queen of the Belgians and her daughter, the Princess of Hehenzollern, the Countess of Flanders, the Princesses Josephine and Henriette, the son of the Minister of the Interior, M. de Burlet, who has adopted the calling of an artist, and Mille, Bernaert, the

sister of the Premier, who has earned a very large fortune by the use of her brush. The Empress Frederick has never forgotten that she is Princess Royal of England, and has persisted in being thoroughly English in her ideas and habits, even to the extent of imperilling her popularity in the home of her adoption. All through her married life her Imperial Majesty has brought up her children after the excellent model of the Royal Nursery at Windsor, and has made them thoroughly English in their frankness, their modesty, their courtesy and kindness to those beneath them, their refined and artistic tastes, and their deeply-rocted goodness and philanthropic sympathies. The Empress is one of the Prince of Wales's few confidences and advisers, and even now his Royal Highness rarely takes any step of importance without consulting his elder sister.

There will, it is expected, be a verification of the old saying "One marriage makes many," and we shall, probably, before long read of the pleasure with which our Queen has heard of the engagement of her beloved granddaughter Princess Victoria Alice of Hesse-Darmstadt to the Czarewitch of Russia, and of the engagement of her beloved granddaughter Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein to her beloved grandson the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. The former alliance has been talked of only recently, the matter having been broached at a family conclave at Darmstadt, when the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia was on a visit to the Court at Darmstadt. Princess Alice is tall, fair, pretty, and is both clever and bright. The young Russian prince is very elever, tall, good-leoking, and gives promise of being a remarkable man.

STATISTICS.

THE four ocean routes employ 1,000 steamers.
THE area of London covers 687 square miles.

THE word "girl" occurs but once in the Bible, In battle, only one ball out of eighty-five takes effect.

THERE are over 70 miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock-of Gibraltar.

THE public-houses of London, if set side by side, would reach a distance of 75 miles.

THE sunflower bears 4,000 seeds, the poppy \$2,000, and the tubacco plant 70,320.

The Americans are an inventive race. 433,436 patents were issued during the first 100 years of the American patent office.

GEMS.

IDLENESS travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes her.

If you can bear all your small trials you will never break down under your great ones.

It is more important to discover a new source of happiness on earth-than a new planet in the sky.

THE air itself is one vast library on whose pages are written in imperishable characters all that man has spoken or even whispered.

GREAT griefs, Shakespeare tells us, are as medicines for our lesser sorrows. The remedy, it may be thought, is worse than the disease. And yet it is not so altogether; for the overwhelming anguish which swallows up the minor tribulations disciplines the mind, and, when it has felt the shock of real calamity, it is less likely to be disturbed by petty annoyances.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

SQUASH PIE.—To one pint of sifted squash add one quart of boiling milk, one egg, two crackers rolled fine one large cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of corn statch, half teaspoonful each of cinnamon, salt, and a little nutmeg.

MINUTE PUDDING.—Beat three eggs, add half a cup of milk and five tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt; stir together until smooth; bave one pint of milk scalding hot over the fire, stir in the batter and cook three minutes, stirring rapidly all the time; serve with a bowl of sweet cream, sweeten with white sugar.

CRUMPETS.—Warm one pint of new milk and loz. of butter in a saucepan; when the butter melts, take it from the fire, let it cool a little, and mix with it a beaten egg, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make it into a batter; tastly, put with it a quarter of a pint of fresh yeast. Cover it, and let it stand in a warm place for a quarter of an hour. Bake the crumpets slightly on an iron plate made for the purpose, and well greased.

Potato Croquettes.—Take half a pound of potatoes and boil plainly. Put into a basin half an ounce of butter and the raw yolk of half an egg; rub the potatoes while hot through a fine wire-sieve on to the butter and egg—if passed through a potato-masher, it will do as well. Season with a little pepper and salt and a dust of nutmeg, then mix together quickly and leave until cold. Eighdy flour a board, turn the potato on to it, and roll it out with the hands into the form of a very thin roly-poly pudding—it should not be more than 1½ inches in diameter—then cut it into lengths about an inch long. Entirely cover each with whole beaten egg, and then with fresh white bread-crumbs; and with a palette-knife make the edges neat and smooth. Put the croquettes into a wire backet, and fry in plenty of clean hot grease until they are of a nice golden colour, which will take two or three minutes only. Serve in a pile, garnished with fried parsley.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Pope is foud of conversing in English. SOLDIERS in the Italian army are allowed cigars as part of their daily rations.

A LATE invention is a cradle which rocks by clock-work mechanism, and plays baby-tunes.

STOCKINGS made of human hair are worn by Chinese fishermen as a preventative against wet feet.

THERE is no truth whatever in the belief that anyone falling into the sea necessarily rises and sinks three times before drowning.

The largest and oldest chestnut tree in the world stands at the foot of Mount Etna. It is 213 feet in circumference, and is known to be at least 2,000 years old.

THE smallest tree that grows in Great Britain may be seen on the very top of Ben Lomond. It is the dwarf willow, which at maturity reaches a height of only two inches.

An inventor has secured a patent for the lighting of trains by electricity, in which the current is generated from the axles of the cars, batteries for storage being located in each carriage.

In the small hotels in Russia each visitor is expected to find his own bedclothing. The rooms mostly contain but wooden benches, which act as seats and beds, on which there is a covering of straw. The bedclothing of poor travellers generally consists of but rugs and wraps.

ALL the good Roman Emperors had bad wives; the names of Sabina, the wife of Hadrian; old Faustina, wife of Antonius; young Faustina, the wife of Marcus Aurelius; Julia Domana, wife of Severus; Theodora, the wife of Justinian, and Plotina, wife of Trojan, were all infamous.

Ir a pin be thrust into the body of one supposed to be deceased, the appearance of the pin-hole left on withdrawing the pin will determine the accuracy of the supposition. If the person is dead, the hole remains open, as when the pin is stuck into leather. If the person is alive, the skin contracts, and the pin-hole entirely disappears.

The blue colour of the sky is probably merely the colour of the air seen through a length of about 45 miles. It has been observed by those who have ascended about five miles above the earth's surface, that the sky appears of a dark inky lue, owing to the very small reflection and dispersion of the light, while the blue colour no longer appears above but below them.

The practice of throwing an old shoe after a bride, is, it seems, quite misapplied when it is done by some of her companions for luck. According to the spirit of the ceremony, which is of very ancient lineage, it should be done by the parent or guardian of the bride, as indicating a renouncing of all authority over her. Chieftains in feudal times took off their shoes and handed them to their conquerors, in token of accepted defeat, from which practice this slipper-throwing custom is said to have descended.

MAYALIPURAM, India, is graced with seven of the most remarkable temples in the world, cach of these unique places of worship having been fashioned from solid granite boulders. Some idea of their size may be gleaned from the fact that the smallest of the seven is twenty-four feet high, seventeen feet long, and twelve feet wide, and is divided into upper and lower stories. The "Hevasa-Goda-Cla," the largest of the seven, is three and a half stories high, its outlines resembling those of an Atlantic steamship. The inside of the boulder has been chiselled away until the walls do not exceed eight inches in thickness. The two floors above that of the foundation are each about a foot in thickness, and seem quite as solid as a rock. The upper stories are reached by a spiral stairway carved from the same piece of granite. The second largest of these single stone temples has a portico-eleven feet wide and seventeen feet long, ornamented with four creuching lions and two elephants, all carved from the same builder which goes to make up the main building.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VIOLET. - December 29, 1868, was a Tuesday.

R. J. S.—The house duty on the amount you mention is 9d. in the £

MISTIRTOR BOUGH. -- Day, fell on a Friday. -December 25, 1857, Christmas

SIMPLE SIMON.—The lotteries are swindles, and the bonds are worthless.

Agen.—There is no set form of words necessary in a will,

A. F. T.—A daughter's furniture, if on the father's premises, is distrainable for his debts. PIERRE.—The nationality of the father is the nationality of the child; that is the law.

DISAPPOINTED .- You cannot compel your master to give you a testimonial.

WORRIED MOTHER. —A parent may be fined more than once for the non-vaccination of the same child.

Nemo.—Being illegitimate you claim nothing except under a will.

L. L.—Lunatic asylums in the States are on much the same lines as our own.

Tenon.—A man becomes a professional singer when he makes a charge for singing. I. O. U.—Unless the debt has been acknowledged within six years it is not recoverable.

M. W.—A publican can recover payment only of drink supplied on credit in amounts of 10s. worth at a time.

E. P. C.-Every person carrying a gun must hold a

Miss Inquistrive.—A lance corporal gets 2s. 8d. per day, but out of this there are some deductions. Your writing is "scribble"; why not take more pains.

MESMERIST.—We have not much faith in mesmerists, but if you want a book dealing with the subject, write to Routledge & Co., Broadway, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Youngsten.—If you have a talent in the direction, a few hours of study in the evenings ought to advance you considerably.

C. A.—Any person interested in a will can take proceedings for compelling the executors to render a true account of their administration of the estate.

QUARRELSOME FAMILY.—The father takes half of what belonged to his wife, the other half goes in equal shares to all her children, none having a preferable claim.

T. T.—Your father is not even obliged to give the ficritage to his family, but could send it all to strangers; the eldest son can be entirely excluded.

King of Cluss.—It is not illegal to play cards in a public-house if the game is not for money, and there is no betting.

SUFFERER.—A mistress cannot discharge a girl without notice, and without wages, merely because she is for a few days unable through ill-health to do her work.

Wifie.—Freemasons are most unlikely to change their laws. At any rate, so far they have not altered them in favour of admitting women among them.

JUSTINA.—Princess Marie was married in the Greek Church—the Russian established form of worship—not the Roman Catholic.

Indignant.—The free pastel portrait was a swindle, sposed a hundred times over; the parties have been and are being prosecuted.

EVANGELINE.—Marriage between an uncle and niece, British subjects, would be illegal in this country, although contracted abroad.

Lucius.—You are mistaken; the license for a four-wheeled carriage drawn by one horse is 21s. yearly, not 15s.; you have not, therefore, been overcharged.

Young Housekeeper.—Old-fashioned splint-bottome chairs look exceedingly well painted in soft green are varnished.

UNLUCKY.—Wages and holidays must be a matter of agreement. In case of dispute an appeal may be made to the justices.

Bashful Lover.—If you are in love with a young lady and want to know if she reciprocates, the safest and surest way is to ask her.

UNHAFPY MOTHER.—As subsequent marriage of the arents does not legitimate the child born previous to parents does not legitimate, the child is illegitimate.

DESERTED.—If you were to go out to him without money in your pocket, and he not there to meet you, the United States officials would not allow you to land.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES.—If a husband provides a suitable home for his wife and she refuses to live there with him, he is not responsible for a separate maintenance.

ETIQUETTE.—An answer to an entertainment should be made promptly, and in the same style and formality as that adopted by the hostess.

MABEL.—You cannot stain your nose, but you can apply a little lanoline (wool fat) and use violet powder. First apply the fat after washing the nose in warm water; then wipe the fat gently off and apply the powder with a puff. This must be repeated daily, also try what washing in warm water every night will effect for you.

ELPRIDA.—Yes, lady is liable to you in wages for the period of the engagement because you were prevented from trying to get employment elsewhere, and have lost both time and money.

FRIVOLOUS.—We do not believe the lives of burglars or murderers to be improving reading or the proper food for helping the young idea to shoot, so cannot assist

O. T. N.—Wills from all parts of England are regis-tered at Somerset House, and at Register Houses in Edinburgh and Dublin; but registration is not compul-sory in Scotiand.

R. C.—A man sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment may get out in rather less than fourteen if he behaves himself; a man sentenced for life cannot get out until after twenty years.

Par.—If you can show that you have had no part in your wife's business, and that she has traded on her own responsibility and with her own money, you cannot be made liable for her debts.

HARASSED.—Not responsible; say you regret accident, but as you did not contribute to it in any way, and are not in law responsible for damage done by your son, you must decline to pay anything.

Will.—You should master the elements of Euclid, algebra and acquire a competent knowledge of mechanics. The other departments of study will open up to you as you advance.

S. LEDGER.—Meerschaum is a very fine clay or mineral existing largely in Asis, but found in Moravia and in the Crimea in Europe; it consists of fully half silica, fourth part magnesia, and fourth part water.

CHANGELESS.

Our fairest fancies fade away
Like mists before the sun;
The friends we loved in Youth's bright day
Have altered one by one;
Our pleasures are but brief and few—
A while and they are fled;
And nameht is ourse unchanged and true And naught is ours unchanged and true Except the faithful dead.

The children leave us, and no trace
Is left of that bright band;
But in each vacant, cheerless place
Tirod men and women stand;
Yet still some little ones are ours
That keep the smile we know—
The smile we hid 'neath pure white flowers
One dark day long ago.

They grow not older with the years
That rob us in their flight;
Their eyes are still undimmed by tears,
Their laugh is sweet and light:
They come to us, when sad and lone,
And linger by our side
With childish prattle, all our own,
As on the day they died.

Some cruel day may see us mourn,
Our dearest hopes o'erthrown—
May see the heart to others turn
We fancied oussalone;
Our rarest treasures Life may steal
And ne'er again restore,
But the dead hearts are true and leal,
And changeless evermore!
WR

NEIGHBOUR.—You have no right to put in a window overlooking your neighbour's premises. He may block it out if you do, or he may take proceedings to recover

F. B.—The Acts distinctly states that anyone found with nets and ferrets "on a public road," believed to be used for poaching or taking game, can be apprehended and tried for poaching.

E. A.—The whole goes in equal shares to the mother and surviving brothers and sisters; the dying woman could not dispose of what she possessed by word of mouth

COUNTRY LAD.—Westminster, though one of the Lon-on Boroughs, is a city in its own right, and returns we members to Parliament; it lies west to the city of

Heartbroken.—Of course you have resumed your maiden name, and are free to marry now; the ceremony you refer to was not binding, as the man could not

Molly.—Ballast is a shipping term for stone, pig iron, sand, coal, and other heavy material placed in a vessel to steady it in the water. A vessel which leaves a port without a cargo is said to be in ballast.

JUSTICE.—There is no modern instance of an innocent person being hanged for murder anywhere in Britain; as for last and previous centuries, they probably wit-nessed more murder on the scaffold than off.

P. J.—The steerage passage to America is £3 19s., and the better accommodation rises proportionately. By applying to the nearest agent of any of the steamship companies that go to America you will obtain full par-ticulars.

Scor.—The height for the Glasgow city police is 5 feet 10 inches without shoes; age between eighteen and twenty. Apply at 9 A.M. an Tosadays at the Central Police Office, Glasgow, A.M. an Tosadays at the Central Police Office, Glasgow, A.M. and Tosadays at the State State office.

18MA93

CLOWN.—Don't mind what your friends tell you Take our word for it that, no matter what gentlus you may pussess in the humorous direction, you would re-quire a course of training before going on the stage as

TROUBLE.—The wife's furniture is no doubt mixed up with the husband's and is liable for his debts; the land-lord's hypothec for next year's rent does not affect the furniture till the possession under the let for next year.

Annious Auntie.—No way; the fooliah lad parted with his liberty when the papers were signed; but his experience is the common one; let him alone for a year and he will be found then glad that he did not get away.

S. P. L.—You can obtain for £1 a provisional protection for your invention; and on filing the complete specification you can for another £3, obtain a patent. Write to the Patent Office, Chancery Lane, London, for forms of application.

Little Woman.—To stain your furniture a dark red dissolve one ounce of dragon's blood in about one pint of alcohol. In this put about a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of sods and filter. Apply this with a soft brush. It will both stain and polish.

ANNETTE'S LOVER.—The inclination of the young woman must in all cases be consulted; if she suggests a direction in which she would prefer to walk, you must select that at once; you may, if you like, ask her which of two ways she prefers.

COCKNEY.—Residents in the metropolitan area are not compellable to sweep the snow from the pavement in front of their houses. But residents outside this area are compellable to do this. In London the duty is cast, by a recent statute, upon the local authorities.

BARBER.—Unless you are fond of a roving life, we do not advise you to leave home to improve your position. As a barber, you will do as well in England as anywhere, and better than in many places abroad. Of course, if you wish to travel, you might try the larger towns in Canada.

HOBBITED.—Crinolines were worn about thirty-three years ago; they probably did not exceed six feet in circumference on the average; the Empress Eugenie set the fashions them, more or less, and as she happened to be pregnant at the time she invented the full skirt to adjust matters.

Agust matters.

UNCLE TOM.—You can do nothing, and the sooner the lad knows that the better; the War Office long ago made a rule to the effect that if a recruit said he was clighteen years of age wha! enlisted, and looked like it, he was not to be released though it should afterwards be ascertained that he was under the age.

HEAD OF THE FAMILY.—The eldest son of the deceased eldest son will take the grandfather's heritable (house) property; the uncles and aunta will take half of the money and goods equally among them, and the other will be divided equally to them and to the grandchildren other than the eldest son's son.

Nor...—To prevent the stickiness, try the following:
Add one pound of shellac to two quarts of water and
simmer it gently over the fare. When nearly boiling
add a little liquor ammonia to dissolve the shellac.
When this is cold add a little lampblack if for black, if
for yellow apply it as it is with a sponge. This will
harden the waterproofing as well as prevent it being aticky.

BUTTERFLY.—The direct way is to get instructions in elecution, &c., and when your master considers you sufficiently advanced, try to get on the boards as a super, so as to learn exits and entrances and other technicalities of the profession. This is the usual way of going on the stage. Judging from your letter, you have a great deal to learn before you could hope to succeed in the profession.

ceed in the profession.

Ross Rrn.—The trouble of which you complain is one that can only be overcome by familiarity with society and a feeling of confidence in oneself. People who are given to blushing much are usually of susceptible ton-perament, and frequently have great capabilities. Of course, it is very inconvenient, but you should conside yourself with the reflection that it is a complaint that one gets over in time, and of which one never has a subsequent attack. Make yourself familiar with the usages of good society, think seriously over things to talk about, inform yourself throughly on the topics of the day and get so much interested in things that you will forget to blush when you meet people.

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† † We cannot undertake to return rejected manu-

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